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The Week

THE Supreme Court's unanimous decision that students with conscientious objections to war have no constitutional right to escape compulsory military training, where this is imposed by land-grant colleges, seems to us a long inference from the principle that the government can force unwilling citizens to fight in its defense. Far more important, however, than the specific case under review is the reassertion of the general conclusion. This, it seems to us, in spite of its denial of one of the most important kinds of liberty, is inevitable in the world as it is today organized. Those who are opposed either to war in general or to any specific war cannot expect that they can make their opposition count by

refusal to fight, with the consent or protection of governments. They are themselves engaged in a warfare against the existing system, and they must accept the risks and casualties of that war. It is well to have this fundamental fact emphasized. It is naïve to suppose that war can be ended simply because a great many people express personal opposition to it and threaten not to fight. Governments will always be able to raise armies and suppress objectors, as long as those governments themselves are not upset by the opposition. The way to end war is not by a moral campaign aimed at non-participation, but by a reorganization of society such that war situations do not arise. And it is more than likely that those who want such reorganization will in the end have to fight for it, if they are to get it.

WE APPLAUD merely with a quiet and skeptical smile Senator Borah's call to the Republican Party to throw out its old guard and liberalize itself. The old elephant can scarcely transform himself into a race horse. In the unlikely event that the Democrats under Roosevelt come really to oppose the capitalist order, there is no place for the Republican Party except as a conservative opposition. What is much more likely is that many rulers of big business and industry will desert it in order to ally themselves with the now dominant Democrats; in that case, the opposition must be from the left, and much further from the left than the lumbering old party will ever go. What is needed is a new set of principles and a new name under which those who want real changes in capitalism can unite. Such a party would gather recruits from both of the old machines. Movements in this direction have already done so, as in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Oregon. The Republican Party has no place to go; indeed it is no longer all dressed up, but is panhandling about in pathetic rags and tatters. Why anybody should bother to try to save it is beyond us.

IN ALL nations the pressure of events is forcing the various factions who claim to represent labor in politics to close their ranks. This accounts for the attempt of the Socialists and Communists in the United States to find some basis of coöperation on immediate issues. From their behavior in the past, one would think that each of these parties regarded

the other as a more dangerous enemy than capitalism itself. The result of this state of affairs was obvious enough in Germany: the working class being divided, Hitler was enabled to seize power. In France the lesson has been learned, at least for the time being; the common front of Socialists and Communists against Fascist tendencies has given the reactionaries pause. In the United States neither party is strong enough to carry much influence, but the quarrels and bickerings between them have produced the worst possible moral effect and have done much to retard the growth of a political labor movement. The left wing of the Socialist Party, while disagreeing with many of the Communist tenets on ultimate issues, has been impressed with the need of a truce to combat the common enemy in this crisis. The right wing will make no compromise. The result is that the National Executive Committee, under the control of the lefts, has attempted to approach its objective without causing a split in the party, by allowing state organizations to do as they please in this matter, postponing a national decision until 1936. But if we must wait for this slowly evolving unity before a mass labor party can be built, and then must wait until it is built, the whole effort may be too late. Sectarianism is the heaviest handicap of those who want to change the world.

MEANWHILE, the same general problem is receiving realistic attention abroad. Not long ago the Communist International made an honest effort to repair the harm its intransigent attitude had done in the past, with almost immediate practical results. Late in September the Red Trade Union International met in Moscow for an extraordinary conference in which the chief object of discussion was the question of a united front in the world trade-union movement. The resolution finally adopted represents a wholesome departure from former declarations, which called for "unity from below" and meant the acceptance of Communist control. The new position of the Communist trade unions recognizes that unity from below must come and can come only as a concomitant of "unity from above" by direct negotiation between trade-union leaders on both sides. As a token of good faith, the resolution declares that Red Trade Unions and federations shall be dissolved wherever unity in free trade-union organizations has been achieved. Moscow has been as good as its word. The Red Trade Union International has just appealed to the Norwegian Trade Union Federation, which recently joined the Amsterdam (Socialist) Trade Union International, to use its influence within that organization for acceptance of Moscow's plan. In France the merger of the trade-union organizations is well under way.

FOR months past the bellicose utterances of the French and German governments in the Saar dispute have lacked conviction. It was plain to the discerning observer that discussions were going on

behind the scenes—discussions that have now crystallized in a concrete understanding. Germany agrees to repurchase the Saar coal mines for 900,000,000 francs and 11,000,000 tons of coal and guarantees "equal rights to voters and non-voters among all the inhabitants of the Saar regardless of race, religion or language." The agreement followed a month's hearing on the subject before a special committee of three appointed by the Council of the League of Nations and presided over by Baron Bompeo Aloisi of Italy. The League of Nations Council, which meets this week in special session, will undoubtedly endorse this settlement of a more than vexing problem and give it legal standing. The Saar is thus probably eliminated as a source of danger to the peace of Europe. The settlement proves that both France and the League of Nations Commission have seen the handwriting on the wall and now accept a German victory on January 13 as a foregone conclusion. France would never have consented had there been the slightest hope of maintaining the status quo in the plebiscite election.

THE French capitulation virtually tells the voting public in the Saar district that every vote against Germany is a vote wasted. It leaves the anti-fascist groups, which have borne the brunt of its fight, in a dangerously isolated position. There is nothing in the Franco-German agreement that gives the political opponents of the Third Reich security or protection against its vengeance, nothing to prevent a general round-up of these courageous fighters on the day after the election and their arrest in prisons and concentration camps—unless they flee from the Saar before the vote is taken.

THE comparative ease with which the two countries arrived at an understanding on the mine question was not accidental. On October 26 the Saar police unearthed a conspiracy against the life of the League's Saar Commissioner, Mr. Knox, and his immediate assistants. A few days' delay might have been fatal. A partial mobilization of French troops near the Saar border was the immediate consequence. The London understanding of October 30 among the General Staffs of the French, English and Belgian armies for immediate unification of their forces in case of a German attack followed. France and her allies were prepared for the worst and determined not to be caught napping. Germany understood and gladly accepted the proffered alternative. It is not unlikely that as the next logical step a representative of the German government will again take his place in the League Council.

THE Saar agreement, some cynical observers argue, conceals practically all the details of a long-drawn-out maze of negotiations among all sorts of conflicting interests. In the first place, the argument goes, the agreement shows that the forces of Schneider-Creusot and de Wendel, who have mines

enough of their own in France, have triumphed over the Laurent interests, who wanted access to Saar coal for themselves. In the second place the fact that coincidental with the pact, the Catholic press of Europe blossoms forth with statements that the Saar is German and belongs to the Reich tends to show that von Papen's recent negotiations in Rome have borne fruit. The future will reveal what Hitler has promised in return.

ANY assassination is likely to be futile in its political effect; but an assassination is doubly futile if nobody knows the motives of the assassin. In that case it fails to be even a gesture, symbolizing the protest of a dissentient group. This seems, so far, to be the case in the killing of Sergei M. Kirov, one of the high Soviet officials. The murderer is a Russian, and the act is denounced by the government as part of a White conspiracy, but this generic term of condemnation conveys little enlightenment. What movement did the conspirators represent; what are its aims; what did it hope to gain? Perhaps reports of the trial of the seventy-one or more arrested suspects will reveal the answers, but so far the whole affair is shrouded in a fog. Certainly there is no immediate revolt in the Soviet Union with enough support to make it in the least formidable. If the authorities had not made so many arrests and had not decreed such prompt trials and swift punishment for those adjudged guilty, we should have been inclined to dismiss the whole affair as the satisfaction of a personal grudge or the act of an unbalanced person. Evidently, however, the Soviet officials fear other assassinations and regard the matter with the utmost seriousness. That indicates that there is a dangerous amount of hostility to them among some group or other. We shall await with interest the further developments.

WHEN it comes to genuine collective bargaining, The New York World-Telegram, member of the reputedly liberal Scripps-Howard chain, appears to have notions scarcely distinguishable from those of the steel, automobile and cotton-textile employers. The only important difference, so far as we can judge, is that The World-Telegram is somewhat more polite and considerate. It has been willing to carry on negotiations for several months with the New York Newspaper Guild, and to discuss improvements in the working conditions of its editorial employees. It has even been willing to make partial concessions to the demands of the Guild on hours, pay and so on. But when the Guild proposed that these terms, if acceptable to the editorial employees, be incorporated in a signed agreement, The World-Telegram flatly refused. Section 7a, it declared, does not require an employer to sign a contract. (The National Labor Relations Board has, of course, held otherwise.) In any event, said the management of The World-Telegram, the Guild was guilty of "class-conscious" and "trade-union" tendencies that were "un-American."

with objective reporting and independent journalism." This charge is, of course, a preposterous smoke-screen, since the Guild is interested only in bettering working conditions of newspaper workers. Moreover, The World-Telegram's fear of the "class-conscious" aspect of the Guild does not explain why membership in the American Newspaper Publishers' Association might not also have a "class-conscious" basis and might not also threaten independent journalism. Further, the claims of the publishers to exemption from 7a have just been demolished by the Labor Relations Board in the Jennings case against The San Francisco Call-Bulletin. Here the Board ruled that it had jurisdiction over the Press Code and that "the newspaper business stands on a footing no different from that of other industries."

A CASE where Francis Biddle, new head of the Labor Relations Board, might try his hand at speeding up the Department of Justice is the B.M.T.'s defiance of the Board. In November the company "laid off" (it insists it did not "discharge") twenty members of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway employees. After investigation, the Board decided that the men had been discharged for union activity and ordered their reinstatement. The B.M.T. refused, though it took back eight of the men—perhaps as proof that they had been "laid off"—not "discharged." The company's defense is interesting. It is in two parts that have nothing to do with each other, but perhaps if one will not stick, the other will. It alleges in the first place that it is not subject to the N.I.R.A. and so is beyond the jurisdiction of the Labor Relations Board. Its second defense is that most of its employees belong to the various railway brotherhoods. The B.M.T. did not explain how that gave it the right to fire members of other unions. Perhaps it just proves that the company loves the working class.

SENATOR Huey P. Long, self-ordained godfather of Louisiana State University, is reported to be shedding mournful tears into his pot-likker as dolefully he dunks his pone. The journalism students of L.S.U., with base and shameful ingratitude, have turned against their protector and are out on a general strike. The King of the Ozarks is so used to having his ram-like way that it probably never dawned on him that the students would resent the suppression of their newspaper, The Reveille, after the journal published a student's letter criticizing the antics and tactics of the Kingfish. But resent it they did and as matters now stand the journalism college is in open revolt and the seven members of the Reveille staff have resigned. In retaliation, striking through President James M. Smith, Senator Long has forced the suspension of twenty-six students and more suspensions are expected to follow. Thus does the Hitler of Louisiana seek to gain his ends. Dr. Smith, in a way that would do

going to see this thing through "as a matter of principle" and that he will resign if he is not backed up. He will be backed up, of course, and every effort will be made to cause the students to back down. Whether the Kingfish succeeds in his purpose remains to be seen. It also remains to be seen if, as has been alleged, the entire faculty of L.S.U. is under Mr. Long's thumb.

The Riddle of Warm Springs

THE NEWSPAPERS for the past week have been a welter of conflicting stories from Warm Springs, Georgia, where the President went, presumably for a brief vacation. If this was his purpose, he has not carried it out; he either took with him, or sent for, nearly all his familiar Washington troubles. The liberal wing of his administration has been fighting desperately to prevent his carrying out the supposed bargain with the big bankers and industrialists, under which he agreed to economize and stop experimenting in return for a promise that private business would pull the United States out of the depression in the next six months. Chief spearhead for the liberals' hopes has been Harry Hopkins' grandiose plan for giving all the unemployed jobs either on public-works projects or making things for free distribution among themselves. Their second weapon, also of great importance, is Mr. Ickes' new plan for large-scale public-housing ventures. Mr. Ickes is a tardy and reluctant convert to this plan, but there is no doubt that he now believes in it.

Chief present spokesman for the conservatives is Housing Administrator J. A. Moffett; despite the multitudinous seas of ink spilled to persuade the country that he and Mr. Ickes are in agreement, the unbridgeable chasm between them remains as deep as ever. Whatever he may say publicly, Mr. Moffett obviously still believes that vast federal expenditures for housing will frighten away that private investment on which he is counting so heavily. It should be noted that up to now, Mr. Moffett's program is a dismal failure. There is no evidence that the government guarantee results in loans that could not have been made in any case, or that operations in important amounts are going forward under the plan, or that through it private building will rise much above its present level, a pitifully small proportion of what was done every year before the depression began.

Behind Mr. Moffett stand the forces of conservative business that have opposed all the major policies of the Roosevelt administration up to now. These gentry apparently really believe that retrenchment and "letting business alone" will get us out of the depression, although these were the policies of the Hoover administration during which times got steadily worse. The exception to their philosophy is of course any government action that

of them; such things have their hearty approval. They want the government to uphold price fixing while letting wages sink to their "normal level." They welcome the expenditure of billions of dollars used to shore up the huge and shaky structure of internal debt, so much of which represents gross overcapitalization of productive enterprise. They are not sufficiently enlightened to realize that their policies prevent any possible return to prosperity and, if followed slavishly, would make the depression deeper.

With such a confusion of voices, it is perhaps time to return to a few fundamentals. The number of unemployed is still at least 10,000,000 and recent reports indicate that it is growing, even though business in general has been slightly better the past few weeks. The question is how to end this unemployment and start the nation's productive machinery revolving at a pace that means something more than a poverty level for the citizens of "the richest country in the world." Heretofore, Mr. Roosevelt has expressed himself as believing in the theory of public works as the primer of the pump; but he has never followed up his faith with action on a sufficiently great scale to constitute an actual test of the theory. Even the limited amounts allocated for this purpose in the past have for the most part remained in the Treasury, kept there for reasons with which our readers are familiar.

Mr. Hopkins' breath-taking plan evidently reflects his belief that neither government public works nor private industry will make great inroads on the present roster of the unemployed. He is concerned with the psychological harm that comes when able and willing workers are kept in idleness year after year. He therefore proposes to create a cloistered garden of state socialism within a capitalist society, embracing roughly one-sixth of the population, until such time as private industry can draw these workers back into its ranks. In favor of such a plan is the argument that one-fifth of our man-power is idle and if it is put to work, our annual increment of wealth should be increased by something like 20 percent (ignoring money values). Also, the government has on hand vast quantities of "surplus products" such as cotton and livestock, which it cannot sell without upsetting the market. It is also argued, without any solid evidence to support the contention, that the government's production cost per unit is less than that of private business (including private profit), that it is thus possible to care for the unemployed more cheaply and that taxes can be correspondingly reduced.

It is said against the plan that it will put out of business private firms now producing things bought by the government and distributed to the poor; that thereby it creates fresh unemployment, fresh "lack of confidence"; that the immediate result is less actual relief per dollar of governmental expenditure; and that since the President has announced his devotion to private capitalism, he should not endorse a scheme that deals it such a heavy, perhaps

mortal, blow. We agree with such critics at least to this extent: that we do not believe the Hopkins plan should be accepted lightly by Mr. Roosevelt as just one of half a dozen good schemes, which can be put to work side by side. If he adopts this policy, he should understand what it means and be prepared to go through with it.

If Mr. Roosevelt lives up to his record, we know what to expect from the Warm Springs conferences. We shall see a series of compromises of the sort that have marked the past twenty-one months. The President will continue to assure the conservatives that his heart is theirs, at least for the next six months. He will adopt the Hopkins plan to the extent of somewhat increasing the number of federal mattress factories and slaughter houses. He will return in some degree to the policies of the Civil Works Authority, which last winter rescued 4,000,000 unemployed Americans from the misery of living in idleness on a dole. He will put a few hundred million dollars into an extension of the federal housing scheme. Ten or twenty thousand families will be settled on subsistence homesteads where they will raise vegetables for their own use, and work half a day in factories if and when private industry can be persuaded to start such factories, making some magical product of which there is not a glut already. And the depression will go on.

Aftermath of Revolution

IN THE last two months there has been a real revolution in Spain. It was unsuccessful; after the first few days it was barely reported in the American press—the World Series and the assassination of King Alexander put good space at too high a premium. None the less it was a genuine attempt, and a powerful one, to overthrow the present nominally centrist government and establish in practice what the Spanish Constitution already provides in theory—that is, a workers' republic. Through the fog of suppression and contradiction the main outline is at last becoming visible.

In the confused political situation that followed the resignation of the left members of Lerroux's Cabinet on October 1, there was only talk of a revolution and of a general strike—despite the definite foreknowledge that the new Cabinet would be in harmony with Gil Robles' Catholic Action, the sworn foes of even the liberal Republic. During this dangerous interregnum while the new Cabinet was being formed no action was taken. It was not until the announcement of the actual names of the new Cabinet on the evening of October 4 that a general strike was called and armed uprising begun.

As events turned out, this two-day delay by the left parties was the fatal flaw in the revolutionary program—this and an equally poor calculation in Catalonia. Throughout Spain the sentiment for a general strike had for two days been turning more and more into sentiment for a revolution. In

Asturias the miners were able instantly to set up a temporary soviet government, seizing control of almost the whole province. Elsewhere the strike movement had been less consciously political, but when it occurred, even if it did not lead to the organization of a new government, at least it completely paralyzed the old one. Everything then depended upon Madrid; if the Reds had taken Madrid the paralyzed provinces would have swung quickly to the new government.

But the action in Madrid was a fiasco. The movement there was in control of a coalition of Socialists, Anarcho-Syndicalists and Trotskyites. They were proceeding on the theory of an "invisible army," a small, highly organized force that could strike the government at strategic points. They placed little faith on mass demonstrations. During the night of October 4 their "invisible army" proved to be an army invisible. It was scarcely able to show itself at all. Great hopes had been placed upon parts of the Madrid garrison that were known to be friendly to the revolutionary cause. Unfortunately this was as well known to Lerroux as to the revolutionists, and in the two-day interregnum he had scattered these dangerous elements among troops on which he could depend. As a result the hoped-for support from the regular army never materialized and the strategic points in the city were already well garrisoned by reliable government troops before the revolutionists tried to strike. To be sure, the masses did appear, but only to wander passionately and helplessly through the streets of an armed city, they themselves leaderless and unarmed. The chance for success in Madrid scarcely outlasted the night.

The effect of the collapse of the revolution in the capital was immediately felt in the provinces. The general strike began to lose its "political" character and become "economic," or here and there to break up. Only in Asturias did the revolt reach the point of serious fighting, of a revolution rather than a revolutionary outbreak. In Asturias the left parties were united and prepared. They were able to establish a soviet that set up a temporary but effective civil administration and for days stood off the government troops, infantry, artillery and aircraft (seven of these are reported to have been shot down). Behind the fighting lines the civil administration occupied food stores and organized the distribution of necessities. All essential industries were taken over and operated. Corps of engineers and physicians were assembled.

But with revolutionary success confined to one province, the reconquest of Asturias was only a matter of time and troops. In the end, however, it took a good deal of both. Easily one-quarter of the Spanish army, including Moroccan regiments and the Foreign Legion, was used and the final victory was obtained only at the cost of turning the artillery on the city of Oviedo.

Meanwhile, in Catalonia, President Companys—

had dangerously delayed the outbreak—refused to arm the enthusiastic populace, fearing the radicalism of his supporters more than the clericalism of Madrid. He hoped for help from General Batet, regular army commander in Catalonia, but the latter stayed loyal to Madrid and after a few days of sporadic fighting by the Syndicalists, Catalonia was completely suppressed.

As a result of the events of the last two months, centrism in Spanish politics survives in name only. The republicans hold essentially as reactionary a position as the monarchists and clericals of the days of Alfonso XIII. After only three and a half years of political banishment the Church of Rome reappears integrally within the frame of the Spanish government, whence, it was hoped, the Spanish Constitution had forever barred it.

In August, 1932, General Jose Sanjurjo was condemned to death for organizing a monarchist revolt. Later the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. In October, 1934, he was permitted to offer aid to the government in suppressing the new revolution.

Ganging Up on 7a

SOMEWHAT unwillingly, the Department of Justice, in the Houde case, has finally begun the first important court test of the collective-bargaining provisions of the Recovery Act. But since the Recovery Act is already eighteen months old and has barely six more months to run, the decision in the Houde case—even if it is quickly and handsomely won—can have but a limited value to labor. It would be effective for a few months at most. The real significance of the government's belated action lies, therefore, in whether it means that the administration has definitely decided to put its full support behind the principle of majority rule. If the Houde case is won, it will establish the right of the representatives of the majority in any plant to bargain for all the workers. By this means company unions, where they are in a minority, will be eliminated. Does the Houde case mean that the administration will insist that the principle of majority rule be incorporated in the new labor legislation almost certain to be passed in the next Congress?

For the answer to this critical question, the injunction proceedings against the Houde company must be read in the context of other administration statements. When this is done, the conclusion is far from reassuring. Within the past few weeks, important members of the administration have indicated that they favor almost everything but majority rule. Donald Richberg, director of the National Emergency Council, has repeatedly attacked the legality of the closed shop under Section 7a. Only recently he expressed again his belief in the right of any group, even small minorities, to

at elections, he said, have the right to bargain only for those participating in the vote. Thus, minorities—or company unions—could retain their bargaining privileges by abstaining from elections in which independent unions participate. Secretary of Labor Perkins seems to have accepted much the same position, favoring the so-called proportional-representation idea. Similarly, there is no evidence that President Roosevelt has yet changed his mind about the desirability of proportional representation, which he incorporated in the notorious automobile settlement.

In view of all this, it seems to us that assurance is still lacking that the Roosevelt administration is prepared boldly to support labor's demand for majority rule. The Houde case, rather, takes on the aspect merely of another of the customary Roosevelt gestures. The gesture is demanded by the concerted assault of manufacturers in every industry against collective bargaining. In Los Angeles, where street-railway employees have gone on strike, the company has bluntly refused to deal with them or the local labor board. In New York City, where the employees of a large grocery chain recently voted to affiliate with the A.F. of L., the company has announced that it will not recognize the result. And so on, through the night. There is no doubt that the manufacturers are ganging up on Section 7a. The disturbing thought is that the administration, unless it supports labor wholeheartedly, will be playing right into the employers' hands.

Meanwhile, the news of a genuine labor victory comes from Paterson, New Jersey, where 25,000 dye workers have been on strike for more than a month. The strikers obtained a reduction in the work week from forty to thirty-six hours, nearly a 20-percent increase in pay, and recognition of the union. This victory was won, not because of Section 7a, but because the workers were well organized and refused to return to work until their demands had been granted. In this strike, there is perhaps a clue to the best way for labor to protect its rights. The government never has been very successful in holding an umbrella over labor, and it is dubious whether it can do any better in the future.

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The Return of Henry James

IN THE past two years there has been a curious sort of revival of interest, of critical interest at any rate, in the work of Henry James, a revival all the more significant in that it appears to have been developing independently among many critics and novelists who in their own writing represent distinct and even contradictory points of view. If any monuments were being unveiled, if James had died last month, if a biography giving the inside story of his sexual life were scheduled for publication in the spring, if any of these horrible conditions were present the reappearance of his name would not deserve our attention: we should recognize the symptoms of a chronic illness in our literary life. But this revival has come about with no extra-literary forcing; there has not even been an anniversary to call it into existence. And though it is a small interest, almost unnoticeable if you pay much attention to the excitement that has accompanied the unveiling of Gertrude Stein, it is also durable and honest, a serious and sincere turning toward an artist whose career has more meaning for us—even though that meaning has not yet been precisely formulated—than it had for his contemporaries.

The signs of awakening attention in the past few months have been fairly numerous: C. Hartley Grattan's biography, Austin Warren's study of Henry James the elder, the publication of the letters of Alice James, the Henry James number of *Hound and Horn*, the appearance of James as a character—and as a very elusive, troubling, not understood character—in several recent volumes of memoirs. Finally, there is the publication of a collection of his famous and almost unread Prefaces¹ to the New York edition of his novels, "the most sustained and I think most eloquent and original piece of literary criticism in existence," in the words of R. P. Blackmur, the editor of the volume.

This catalogue scarcely suggests that the majority of American writers have suddenly turned toward a new leader, but it does reveal an important change in the character of the criticism devoted to James. These newer contributions spring from local conditions and refer to our own immediate critical dilemmas. The greater and better part has been devoted to the task of clearing away the misconceptions that have been built up around James's work, the rubbish deposited by a generation of nationalist critics to whom his exile was the most significant fact of his career. To these critics, with their desire for a nationalist culture which would nevertheless be on a level above mere flag-waving, a serene and distinguished exile whose work gained steadily in strength, whose productive powers increased

throughout his life, and whose inspiration did not flag despite his prolonged absence from his homeland, appeared as a particularly tragic and puzzling figure. An exile ought to come to some bad end, to some unheroic frustration; and since the prevailing tone in James's last comments is one of the deepest intellectual and emotional satisfaction, he remained outside the scope of such criticism. James was more and more presented, when he was referred to at all, as a freak and a snob, as a romantic and infatuated apologist for European aristocracy. The present interest in his work springs partially from a realization of how shallow and misleading our still dominant nationalist criticism is when it deals with a complex figure like James; but it also arises from a recognition of the fact that James's life was in itself a conscious answer to the question that now occupies American critics of all schools.

In a special sense James almost forces the question that is broadly described as the relation of the artist to society; whether or not his answer, so carefully worked out and so eloquently defended, is the right or only one is another matter. He had a developed theory of the artist's relation to the social order, and he lived it through to the end—it was literally a case of life for art's sake with him. What distinguishes him from other artists who have held similar beliefs is the crystal clarity of his example; he never closed his eyes to the implications of his position (on the contrary he seemed to delight in unearthing fresh implications, invisible to the casual observer, which laid heavier responsibilities on him and his art); he never let his convictions travel in one direction while his personal life went careening off in another. In our day the term "devotion to art" may mean anything from dilettantism to the grossest evasions of the most elementary social demands, but James's devotion to art was intense, monolithic, imposing a discipline almost Spartan in its severity. Moreover, he always referred to this discipline in the warmest and friendliest terms; he simply could not understand Flaubert's prolonged groaning over the terrors of creation. "The effort of labor involved, the torment of expression, of which we have heard in our time so much" was for the artist—or at least for James's ideal artist—the supreme refinement of his privilege. The Prefaces, in fact, are a kind of hymn to the joys of the creative life; no other artist has written at once so appreciatively and so realistically of the intangible rewards of his midnight craft.

You cannot discuss with any fulness the problem of the artist's relation to society without taking the political consequences, without immediately raising the questions of the relation of what kind of artist to what kind of society. The aspects of James's

¹ *The Art of the Novel*, by Henry James. Edited by R. P. Blackmur. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 338 pages, \$3.

career that make it particularly fruitful for us were the very ones that made it enigmatic to his contemporaries; we are beginning to see, as they did not, that despite his social position he never adjusted himself to the life of his class—unless you consider a lifelong war an adjustment. He kept the bourgeoisie firmly but politely at a distance, taking what it could give him for his own almost secret purposes and turning away from its common concerns. The insinuation that he was an apologist for the leisure class becomes almost incredible in the light of his stories and particularly of the Prefaces: he wrote of that class as corrupt, frivolous, remarkably avaricious and doomed. The absence of the indignation that usually goes with such opinions perhaps explains why this has been so little understood. When he *didn't* write of the upper classes in these terms, as in "The American," he afterwards pointed out with great care the essential falsity of his picture.

His attitude can be translated into contemporary terms. James wrote of just such upper-class situations—or scandals—as we now find in the struggle between Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Whitney for the legal ownership of a child. In its outlines this case is a perfect Jamesian study: It has the "great ladies," the rich American girl who is the innocent inspiration of medieval intrigues, the famous patroness of art, the dark, never explicit, suggestions of depravity and avarice. In telling such a story James would ignore the particulars which any newspaper reader might learn; he might even go to the length—great for him—of being impolitely inattentive so as not to learn the shoddy or sordid details. He would not be concerned with the rightness of either side. But he would brood over the essential relationships, unearth deeper implications, and in his reconstructed story the characters would be graded, not according to their "good" or "bad" qualities, but simply in terms of their understanding of what was happening to them and to those around them. "The agents in any drama are interesting only in proportion as they feel their respective situations." Though this process seems to disinfect such scandals of their more apparent squalor, there can be no informed doubt of James's attitude toward them. He called the instance that gave him "The Spoils of Poynton"—a public squabble between another "great lady" and her son for possession of a home—a sordid affair; and he did not so much leave out the sordidness as make it a matter of intellectual perception rather than emotional revulsion.

It seems clear that he chose "the sense and image" of his own class because he knew the living reality too well. The conflicts in that world, like that of Mrs. Gareth and her son for Poynton (or like that of Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Vanderbilt for Gloria), had a certain Shakespearean dignity, but only if you did not know the parties involved, had no real knowledge of the way the battle was carried on and did not read the newspapers. The artist who

occurred promptly found himself trapped in the howling vulgarities of bourgeois property relations. That was James's experience; it had been one of his earliest lessons. Swinnerton is just half-right when he says that James's characters, although he "liked to imagine that they were aristocrats of the spirit (as well as, sometimes, aristocrats of birth), were cheats, liars, adulterers and simpletons without grandeur." But when he adds that "James never knew this" he assumes a great deal with a writer who prided himself on being an ironist above all else.

How, indeed, could James have had any other opinion of his class, of its corruption and its insecurity? When he left this country he left one that had been torn apart by civil war; he wrote his first novel in Paris three years after the Commune. When he settled in England the Empire was revealing the first serious signs of its weakness, signs he noted and wrote of most sharply, as Newton Arvin has pointed out, in "The Princess Casamassima." Even the ivory tower to which he retreated was rudely shaken by the Wilde case: it meant the end of *The Yellow Book*, which had published some of the stories in which he took most pride and which were too specialized for other publications. The Wilde case also meant the beginning of a period of artistic circumspection on all sides; and the corruption of the leisure class, to convince those who believe that James remained unaware of it, was here dramatized in the most sordid fashion in a scandal that touched his friends.

If his relationship with the bourgeoisie was uncertain, his relationship with other writers of his own time was scarcely more fruitful. The Henry James who emerges as a composite character from the reminiscences of Edith Wharton, Ford Madox Ford, H. G. Wells and others is unquestionably strange and forbidding; all pay tribute to his subtle and intricate mind; all seem to nod toward him respectfully, even admiringly, and hasten away. It does not seem to be reading too much into these relationships—particularly since we know the subsequent careers of the different authors—to see that they recognized or sensed James's limitless devotion to his art, and drew back at a vision of similar sacrifices for their own. The case of Wells seems to sum up these literary relationships: it is plain that James's sensible criticism was too much for Wells; when James accused him of bad craftsmanship, of having "cut out essentials, after a feast of irrelevant particulars," Wells could only reply that the novel was not necessarily, as James assumed, "this real through and through and absolutely true treatment of people more living than life." The answer is an evasion; Wells rejected the criticism because he was not prepared to accept the added labor that acting on it implied. He preferred being a careless writer, he evaded the technical problems his books raised, he traded, so to speak, on the lack of a developed critical faculty in his audience—and the consequences of his decision are apparent in every second-rate novel he has written since.

The truth is that James was running counter to the main stream of English fiction of his time, emphasizing form in a period when the novel had become hasty and sprawling, and little more than a department of journalism, advocating the conscious isolation of the artist when his colleagues were becoming entangled in the political confusions of Fabian socialism, and, finally, insisting that his characters be aware, highly developed, *conscious* individuals at a time when English fiction was being swamped with its countless portraits of immaturity and frustration. In this last, I think, can be found the deepest reason for the revival of interest in his work. The impulse that was apparent in James's day in the work of Maugham or Bennett has come to its logical flowering and we have had too much of a fiction that presented the world in terms of childish groping or of bewildered acquiescence to events. James's characters may indeed be too subtle, too aware, to be credible, but the creations of our contemporary novelists are frequently just as unbalanced, though on the side of dulness and passivity. Consciousness, "finely aware and richly responsible," was James's one absolute; his attention in any situation was focused on the individual who felt that situation most deeply. Ethics were subordinated to awareness; cheats and liars were welcomed to his novels, but only if they knew what they were doing:

I never see the *leading* interest in any human hazard but in a consciousness . . . subject to fine intensification and wide enlargement. It is as mirrored in that consciousness that the gross fools, the headlong fools, the

fatal fools, play their part for us—they have much less to show us in themselves. . . . This means, exactly, that the person capable of feeling in the given case more than another of what is to be felt for it, and so serving in the highest degree to *record* it, dramatically and objectively, is the only sort of person on whom we can count not to betray, to cheapen, or, as we say, give away, the beauty and value of the thing.

If that text had sunk more deeply into our literary traditions we might have been spared some of our epics of bewilderment, some of our prose celebrations of spinelessness and fatigue. Our proletarian novelists, for instance, might be induced to part company with that story about the defeated strike as seen through the eyes of one of its more backward victims, and take up the more dramatic issues of leadership, of organization and strategy, as visualized by the most highly developed individuals involved. For although James seems to provide a whole arsenal of argument and illustration for the critics who advocate the conscious isolation of the artist from political and social conflicts, his deepest meaning is reserved for those who hold more revolutionary philosophies. They can understand his attitude toward his own class, and perhaps add the indignation that he never expressed; his "hierarchizing" of characters according to their individual awareness is close to their own concepts of class and political consciousness. The question of technique is another matter, but it can be said of him, as it cannot be said of Proust and Joyce, that the technique he developed is equally good for both sides.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

Security for Americans

IV: *The Workers' Bill for Unemployment and Social Insurance*

THE WORKERS' BILL, introduced into the last Congress as H. R. 7598 by Congressman Lundeen of Minnesota, has acquired a new significance since the Conference on Economic Security, called by the Secretary of Labor in Washington on November 14, proved to be the occasion for the President to set severe limits to the administration's program for social insurance.

It does not appear that the legislation likely to be proposed will touch the real issue of present unemployment. In fact, the President said, regarding the recommendations on social insurance that he has promised to make to the incoming Congress:

On some points it is possible to be definite. Unemployment insurance will be in the program. . . . This part of social insurance should be a cooperative federal-state undertaking. . . . It is no less important that all unemployment-insurance-reserve funds be held and

vested by the federal government. . . . It must be financed by contributions, not taxes. . . . We must get them [those now on relief] back into productive employment, and as we do so we can bring them under the protection of the insurance system.

Thus insurance is not to apply to the present unemployed. Old-age security and health insurance are postponed for further consideration, and the "first task" is stated by the President to be

to get the economic system to function so that there will be a greater general security. Everything that we do with intent to increase the security of the individual will, I am sure, be a stimulus to recovery.

Therefore, as in the past program of the New Deal, restoration of business is the point of attack, rather than income, which appears to be the decisive factor in the maladjustment between production and

The depression is not merely the downward stage of the business cycle, but a crisis in the national income of the American people. Hitherto recovery from the low point of a cycle has come about through some stimulus to start purchasing. Scarcity of goods in consumers' hands after a period of suspended buying has been met by lower prices or favorable conditions for credit at some strategic point in the production cycle. But naturally this conjunction results in recovery only if there is income in consumers' hands to be drawn out by such a stimulus to purchase; and this income must bear some effective relation to the capacity for immediate output in response to the expectation of revival. The failure to achieve recovery after the stimulation to produce in the early summer of 1933 revealed the crisis in income. Today the difficulty in "pumping credit into business" further reveals that business needs, not credit but customers. The crisis is in the market; and behind the market, with its effort to attract buyers, is the crisis in the people's income. It has declined as a whole, and its losses are disproportionately high for the lowest-income groups who use the bulk of the necessities of life.

This crisis in income challenges at once the older forms of social insurance that were initiated in European countries in earlier periods of economic development. Essentially the idea of insurance is to lessen losses by sharing them, drawing on a common pool of resources. By the law of chance, these losses do not all happen to all individuals at once. Thus the common pool diminishes the individual burden by distributing it in a group and by providing for it in advance. Needs are measurable for a group that are not exactly predictable for the individual. Thus insurance applies to death payments foreseeable through measuring the average expectation of length of life. Less exact and therefore always more expensive and less secure is provision for losses due to sickness or accident. The smaller the group covered, the more difficult it is to predict losses. The larger the number of individuals exposed at a given time to the hazard, the more expensive the insurance. The less predictable the hazard, the less secure the insurance.

Hence actuarial insurance, in a technical sense, applied to unemployment arising out of industrial depression breaks down when unemployment attains mass proportions. If the insurance has been in the form of reserves in an individual establishment, large or small, reserves are speedily exhausted. If it has been a fund covering all establishments in given industries and based upon contributions from government, employers and employees, as in Great Britain, reserves last longer but must likewise be exhausted in the effort to compensate all at once the unpredictably large number of individuals who are simultaneously affected by a hazard not properly insurable in the old sense of counting on the escape from the hazard, at least at a given time, of enough individuals to divide the loss when it occurs to others in the group.

Facing this situation, some exponents of social insurance in the United States say: Do not expect unemployment insurance to do more than its past forms have accomplished. Let reserves be set up to be drawn on as long as they last, with a maximum set for the individual of not more than ten weeks, sixteen weeks or six months in the year. Let the benefits be limited to individuals with a given length of employment in the state or in the establishment in the preceding year. Let the scheme cover only certain industries and occupations, excluding, for example, farmers and agricultural laborers, professional workers of various types and the self-employed; and excluding, too, the present unemployed from all benefits until they are again employed and again laid off.

All these limitations come about primarily because the old concept of insurance as protection against a risk measurable in advance breaks down as each recurrent industrial depression becomes more widespread and more intense than could have been predicted from any past experience. Under the pressure of mass needs, the older types of social insurance in England or in Germany have been found wanting and have had to be supplemented by the government. The "uncovenanted" benefits in England are an example.

The fact is, to the masses of the workers social insurance that has met even limited needs offers the only satisfactory hope of meeting fully the same needs that lie beyond the limits. The worker whose unemployment benefit stops after fourteen weeks and who is then without any income finds his problem of loss of work and wages merely postponed. The actuary may explain to him that insurance, by its nature, cannot cover all his needs. The answer of the masses is that government and industry must meet those needs in some way. The unemployed prefer fixed insurance, as a right, to relief, which they know by experience is uncertain and subject to change irrespective of need. They are using the term "social insurance," preceded by the adjective "genuine," to define the obligation of government and industry to compensate for losses through unemployment that is beyond the control of the workers, individually or collectively.

This is essentially the significance of the Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill. The bill is brief and in its present form may truly be said to be more of a declaration of principle and policy than an orthodox measure with proper safeguards against the risks of unconstitutionality. It calls for "insurance for all workers and farmers, unemployed through no fault of their own, in amounts equal to average local wages." It sets as a minimum \$10 per week plus \$3 for each dependent. It asks for administration through "unemployment-insurance commissions composed of the rank-and-file members of workers' and farmers' organizations," and provides for control by these groups "under rules and regulations prescribed by the Secretary of

Labor." It declares it to be "the sense of Congress" that the funds shall be obtained "by taxing inheritance and gifts and . . . individual and corporation incomes of \$5,000 per year and over." All workers and farmers are covered in all occupations and for all time lost, and the usual provision is included that payment of insurance shall not be withheld because of refusal to work in place of strikers or at less than normal or trade-union rates of pay and working conditions. Moreover, the Secretary of Labor is directed to establish similar social insurance to compensate for all loss of wages due to part-time work, accidents, sickness or maternity.

It is unnecessary to pause over some of the technical defects in the drawing of the present bill. Changes may be made in this respect when it is introduced into the next Congress. Its significance rests upon this different concept of social insurance which it embodies as compared with the traditional proposals growing out of European experience and the modifications of these that have been put forward in American programs. Virtually it declares that mass unemployment must be met by mass compensation. Mass provision by government and industry to provide for mass insecurity is the new definition of social insurance. The demand is put forward that compensation shall be sufficient to prevent the lowering of standards of living. There should be no contributions from workers, since such contributions are essentially a deduction from workers' income for living standards and compel workers to share in compensating themselves and other workers for losses that are beyond their control. The source of funds should be such as to be least likely to be directly transferred to the consumer in higher prices which, again, lower workers' standards of living. Hence the source should be an income tax, not a tax on payrolls, which would be a direct item in cost of production. In other words, what is demanded is that the economic system as a whole, through taxation, should provide compensation for unemployment, primarily by diverting funds from channels otherwise leading to new investments, to purchasing power for wage earners and salaried workers, who would spend the money for immediate necessities of life.

Can the government and owners of wealth pay the bill? In effect, the answer of the masses is that, given so great a productive capacity that goods must be destroyed, it is a reasonable demand that the unemployed be given the purchasing power which, as the surplus of resources shows, has not been paid in wages to the unemployed in sufficient quantity to buy the goods produced. From this point of view, unemployment insurance is a kind of deferred wage bill. As such, it is to be administered by workers for the same reason that they control their own wages after they are paid.

What is involved, then, is a new statement of policy. It is conceivable that Congress should be called upon to make some such legislative declaration as the following:

It shall be the national policy, in the interest of the general welfare, to prevent the disastrous results to family life and individual health and wellbeing due to involuntary unemployment and consequent loss of income by workers, in whatever industry or occupation they are employed; and to prevent the obstructions to interstate commerce which arise out of the inability to maintain a proper balance between consumption and productive capacity during periods of mass unemployment. To the end of preventing the lowering of standards of living and the disturbance of industry due to lack of purchasing power, a nationwide system of social insurance shall be established which shall draw its funds from higher incomes and divert them into purchasing power for the necessities of life of those who derive their livelihood primarily from wages, salaries or self-employment.

Incidentally, it is fairly well established that Congress has the constitutional right to formulate public policy, and that these declarations of public policy are not subjects of judicial review. It is noteworthy, moreover, that the setting up of a social-insurance system that would conform to such a national policy need not in itself carry an appropriation. It could be a claim upon the national governmental budget, in the same class with the other divisions of the government. When the national budget is passed each year, the extent of unemployment would determine the appropriation.

The challenge is a bold one. Obviously it cuts across bankers' demands for restoration of a more restricted governmental budget. But it establishes that the bankers could, if they really wished it, get credit into circulation. A bold stroke that diverted frozen credit into consumers' purchasing power might, after all, be more effective as a means of "recovery" than a balanced budget and an effort to persuade industry to assume more debts.

Here a word of caution is necessary. It is by no means certain that this distribution would actually result in eliminating unemployment, for something more than purchasing power is needed to make the productive machinery run smoothly and without interruption. Economic security is probably unattainable except in a planned economy. But that is another story. Social insurance cannot ensure security; it can only ensure compensation for insecurity.

At any rate, it should be emphasized that the Workers' Bill proposes to put expenditure for the necessities of life on an organized basis of compensation for unemployment, to take the place of the uncertainties of relief. Paradoxically, other forms of unemployment insurance are not intended for the present unemployed, and for the future unemployed it is easy to foresee the point at which they would break down when reserves were exhausted.

Though the bill has been supported by the Communist Party and by organizations like the National Unemployment Council, in which Communists have a leading place, it has nevertheless enlisted support in workers' associations of no political affiliation. All the political parties, in fact, now advocate at least the principle of unemployment insurance. Nor

is it only industrial workers who are demanding insurance. The Interprofessional Association for Social Insurance has adopted basic principles essentially in accord with the Workers' Bill. This spread of support to include workers of various political convictions and in all occupations is likely to extend further as other measures prove disappointing in their limitations.

A widespread people's movement seems likely to develop over the bill. Already a call has been issued for a National Congress for Unemployment and Social Insurance to be held in Washington, January 5, 6 and 7. While opening the Congress to consideration of other bills, the call embodies the basic principles expressed in the Workers' Bill.

It is the economic crisis that has brought this

metamorphosis in the basic concept of social insurance, and it is the economic crisis that is promoting these larger demands by the unemployed. Essentially the demand is for a periodic redistribution of national income in proportion to the extent of unemployment at a given time, diverting funds from higher incomes to workers' purchases. It does not call for a change in the economic system, but it certainly sets up a challenge to its power to protect the general welfare against the hazards of insecurity.

MARY VAN KLEECK.

The fifth article on "Security for Americans" will be a discussion by Paul H. Douglas of the interrelations between unemployment insurance and relief.—THE EDITORS.

Strike-Buster: Man Among Men

HE SIGNS his name P. L. Bergoff and does not like to tell you his first name because his first name is Pearl and he thinks it is a hell of a name for any man to have. It makes him sound like a sissy and the business he is in is not a sissy business but all you have to do is to look at him to know that if anybody thinks he is a sissy that person is making a big mistake. He is short and chunky and wasn't a bull for nothing and when you look at him you know he is a very tough little guy indeed. He has red hair and blue eyes and his face is powdered with freckles and if you saw him coming toward you with one of the baseball bats he supplies his guards when they are out breaking a strike you could not be called a coward if you started running the other way.

A little while back he called his business the Bergoff Detective Agency but now he calls it the Bergoff Service Bureau. His business is breaking strikes. He is the Number One strike-breaker in the United States and he is very proud of the fact that he has broken some of the biggest strikes in the country. He is a big business man, with an organization that spreads from Maine to California, and he dresses like a business man but he does not look like one. He always looks like a little tough guy who would be more at home in a fighter's dressing-room at the Garden than at his desk in his offices on Fifth Avenue. When he talks his mouth goes up at one corner and what he says is worth listening to.

"I can produce more man power than any other man in the United States," he says. "I've had 10,000 men on my payrolls. Some of the biggest men in the country have come to me for help."

He is very proud when he says it, and his big diamond ring sparkles with the pleased gesture of his hand, but he is not just talking big and blowing off. What he says is true. In 1920, for instance, the Erie Railroad called on him to break the strike

of its shopmen. He supplied the Erie with some 6,000 men and was paid around \$2,000,000 for the job. In 1916 he was hired by Theodore Shonts, president of the Interborough Rapid Transit in New York, to break the subway strike. The take on that job was \$1,000,000 and he says it was worth every cent of it. These are but two of his many clients. Among the others have been the B.M.T., the Postal Telegraph Company, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad and many steamship lines. In each instance, and this he also says with pride, the people he worked for were very pleased . . . and, in substantiation of their pleasure, he produces documentary evidence.

This evidence, in the form of a hundred or so letters from satisfied customers, is kept in a little black book. The little tough guy handles it with a reverence you would not expect him to show. Here is his life's work—the testament of his service to humanity. He turns the letters, thumbled and worn with fingering, tenderly and gently, with the air of a man reliving his past. Occasionally he stops to read one of them . . . a paragraph of thanks, a phrase of gratitude.

"All these are big men," he says, "the biggest men in the country. You've got to deliver the goods to get letters like these. Here . . . listen to this. And here's something else. It's a letter from Senator Edward I. Edwards of New Jersey. Look, it's written on the stationery of the U. S. Senate."

So it is. At the top of the page is the seal of the United States and at the bottom is Senator Edwards' own signature. It is a letter of recommendation from one of the Senator's friends. It introduces the little tough guy by name and then it says:

"I believe him to be thoroughly able, finally, to carry out any contract into which he would enter. He is a man of considerable means and I believe he is thoroughly dependable."

The little black book dispels any lingering doubt you might have of the Strike-buster's importance. His mouth turns up at the corner when he talks and it would be very unpleasant, to be sure, to have him start after you with a club, but he is industry's strong right arm. He has developed the business of scabbing to almost an exact science and he likes to tell you how real scabbing is done.

"I know when a strike is going to break before the employer does," he says, filling with pride again. "I've got men working for me all over the country. Some of them even belong to labor unions. These men are all on my payroll and they tip us off when a strike is going to take place. Then we get in touch with one of the big shots of the company and when the strike is pulled we get an order for men—maybe 500, maybe 5,000. I can always get exactly the kind of men I need. It's kind of like mobilizing an army, and once we've got our army together we send them to the place where the strike is going on. We usually send one guard for every fifteen men and we equip the guards with whatever weapons they need."

The Strike-buster has been scabbing for more than thirty years and his fame has spread far and wide. He is even famous in the South and, just as he says, to be famous in the South you have to be very famous I am sure. The little tough guy knows some big men in the South, and they have given him a lot of business, and maybe these Southern clients of his wouldn't like the implication that they are two generations and a decade behind the times and have to comb the cotton seeds out of their beards. This implication is not quite fair because as far as strike-breaking is concerned the South is not so far behind the times and the little tough guy should know this because he helped to break the recent cotton-textile strike there and it made him a nice little chunk of mazuma. This is what he did.

Macon, Georgia, is pleasant Southern town with a very large cotton-textile mill. The mill belongs to the Bibb Manufacturing Company, which operates several other mills in various Georgia towns. One of these mills is located at Porterdales, and when the strike threatened it seemed that Porterdales was in for a lot of trouble. The union at Porterdales is not very strong and the officials decided that the mill could be kept running if the non-union workers were "protected." The Bergoff Bureau got on the job and in a few days the "protection" arrived in Porterdales. What this "protection" was, and how much it cost, is revealed by a letter from the Bibb Manufacturing Company to the New York State Department of Labor, which investigated the situation because a few members of the Bergoff army complained that the little tough guy gypped them out of some of their pay. It reads in part:

with the Bergoff Service Bureau and have paid them, for the salaries of their men, as follows:

150 guards, six days, at \$10 per day.
6 lieutenants, six days, at \$12 per day.
3 captains, six days, at \$20 per day.

Trusting that this gives you the desired information, we are,

Yours very truly,
Bibb Manufacturing Company,
(Signed) Wm. D. Anderson, Jr.
Vice-President.

The total amount of the bill was \$1,432, and it is interesting to know what this company of the Bergoff Army of Occupation (many other companies were sent on the invasion) did to earn it. The captains and lieutenants and guards "worked" forty-eight hours—not because they were not prepared to work for months and months to defend the lives, liberties and properties of the mill-owners but because Governor Eugene Talmadge proved himself as efficient a strike-buster as the little tough guy himself. When he called out his troops the Bergoff army was no longer needed and Commander-in-Chief Pearl is still very sore. The things he says about the Governor of Georgia are not the things you would tell your grandmother but the point of his remarks is that the Governor of Georgia is a person of quite a very low stature who played both sides against the middle and kept an honest man from earning an honest living. But although he "protected" Porterdales for only two days he did a very fine job and the Bibb Manufacturing Company sent him a glowing letter of thanks.

The little tough guy takes his job seriously, and says he doesn't have to worry about his competitors because he can deliver the goods better than any of them, but perhaps he does not know just what a swell job he did to help deliver the goods down South. The strike is over and the strikers won a great moral victory and the lock-out down there is beginning to thaw and this is what has happened in Scottdale, Georgia—a town very much like Porterdales. The following table shows the wages paid to individual employees on October 13 and the reduced wages paid to the same employees (for forty hours work) on October 20:

	Wages Paid Oct. 13	Wages Paid Oct. 20
A. B. Kendall.....	\$13.20	\$12.13
Dewey Holcomb	13.20	12.00
Lorena Garnett	13.20	12.10
Hewey Pierce	14.00	13.11
Mae Cummings	14.00	12.00
Bertha Dodson	13.20	12.02
H. W. Sewell	14.00	12.29
Ruth Mann	13.20	12.02

In addition to the wage cut, the work load of the employees has been materially increased. In the spinning department, for example, Glenn Cash used to tend 80 sides. Now he tends 100 sides. Real

Our dealings in this matter were entirely with the Bergoff Service Bureau and not with any of the individual men. We have already settled our bill in full

West's work has been stepped up from 65 to 78 sides. Joe Glosson tends 85 sides instead of his former 70. In the winder room, Victoria Johnson now turns out 42 sets of yarn instead of 30. Flora Suddith used to make 35 sets. Now she makes 42.

What has happened in Scottdale has happened throughout the South. And this is the fruit of the Strike-buster's victory. This is the human statement of what he helped the textile industry to do. But

the little tough guy says to hell with stuff like that. He sits at his desk in his offices on Fifth Avenue, and the rock on his finger must weigh a ton, and he is proud of the fact he is up in the bracket where the shots are big. He is sitting on top of the world but his seat is going to be a very hot seat if ever workers like Buel West and Glenn Cash and Dewey Holcomb start out to see that he gets his.

HAMILTON BASSO.

Potential Plenty

THE PRODUCT capacity of the United States has been weighed, measured and found wanting. The National Survey of Potential Product Capacity has so concluded in the summary of its report submitted to Langdon Post, who sponsored this unique survey. The complete report of the engineers, agriculturists and technicians still awaits the money for its publication.

Our industrial and agricultural *output* was found far below the modest standard of living, while the *capacity* of productive means was more than enough to satisfy the requirements of a liberal budget. And that condition prevailed, not in the lean years of 1930-34 but during the fat years of 1927-29. Had we, since 1929, operated our plants to the full extent for which they were designed, every American family could now have a \$9,500 savings account.

In 1929, though he was presumably sitting on top of the world, the diet of the average American man barely exceeded the requirement of an "emergency diet"—using bread and sweets instead of the more wholesome but unpurchasable milk, meat and fresh vegetables. In that year we were short 33,000,000,000 pounds of milk and so we had to eat 20,000,000,000 pounds of bread and other flour products—whereas the proper diet calls for only 6,500,000,000 pounds of starchy foods. We consumed 3,000,000,000 pounds more sugar than the requirements established by science, in order to cover the deficiency in other energy-producing foods; and, at the same time, we consumed only one-half of the required fruit, poultry, lean meats, etc. But could we produce enough to meet the liberal diet of Stiebling and Ward? Unequivocally, yes, even though it would take a few years to produce enough of some of the desired items.

Our people go shabbily clothed and poorly shod, since even in 1929 men and boys, on the average, could buy but one suit every other year. They buy overcoats once in every six years. The prosperity of 1929 showered upon the backs of our men and boys as many as three shirts in one year.

And how about the ladies? The American girl has shown great extravagance by purchasing two coats in five years. She has more than three

Men, women and children have bought three pairs of shoes in five years. It is conceivable that these would have been enough if the men, women and children were merely "statistical creatures." Their actual wants, however, far exceed the theoretical needs for nearly all of us.

In contrast to these figures, a modest estimate of our means to produce articles of wearing apparel shows that we can turn out 79,000,000 men's suits instead of 29,000,000; 21,000,000 overcoats instead of 9,000,000; 396,000,000 shirts instead of 173,000,000. As for women's wear, we could manufacture 60,000,000 coats instead of 23,000,000 and 532,000,000 dresses and frocks instead of 206,000,000. Concerning hosiery, our productive capacity is well in excess of one billion pairs. We can manufacture 550,000,000 pairs of shoes, whereas we did make only 360,000,000.

Having thus exhibited our deficiency in food and clothing, at the same time proving that *if we could buy* what we need we could produce even more than we want, let's consider our homes.

As a nation, we live in second-hand houses. We live in tenements that defy all laws of decency and sanitation and rent remodeled apartments after the buildings have been abandoned as unfit by their original owners. And yet we replace them, even in 1929, only at the rate of 1.5 percent, which means that we complacently expect the average house to be fit for habitation for three score and ten years. Yet, if we allocate from the existing excess capacity of our mills a reasonable share for the building industry's use, we find that our cement mills can produce 374 percent more building material than they did in 1929. Our window-glass plants can produce 776 percent more, while our structural-steel output for building purposes can be increased by 570 percent. This capacity, if used, permits us to build annually 1,550,000 new homes.

How are we situated in regard to the so-called services? About every fifth bed in hospitals (except those for mental cases) is vacant, while at the same time only half the people who need hospitalization can either get it in "charity" wards or buy it. A large percentage of our doctors and nurses

are idle, while sick men everywhere are dying without receiving medical attention. As a nation we spend \$3,250,000,000 for health, or \$26 per capita, whereas we should be spending \$42. In consequence, the death rate is in inverse proportion to income—the unskilled, poorly paid workers die at the rate of 1,440 per 100,000, while the skilled workers die at a lower rate of 829 per 100,000; managers and officials at 793, and professional people at the rate of 670.

For our education, whatever its quality, we were spending \$3,723,000,000 in 1929, whereas our authorities estimate the total desirable budget at over \$11,000,000,000. What has happened since 1929? We have dismissed over 200,000 teachers; one out of three who remain receives less than \$780 a year; total expenditure shrank from \$2,251,000,000 to \$1,753,000,000 (1929-33); we "locked out" of schools over 100,000 children and placed 1,025,000 children on short terms in 1933.

In 1929 our national income (without duplications and imputed incomes) was about \$81,000,000,000, or \$96,000,000,000 as a monetary equivalent of goods and services produced. Yet with our plants, knowledge and men we could have produced an annual income in excess of \$135,000,000,000. Why didn't we do it? The Survey neither moralizes nor criticizes. It was up to our eminent banker, Mr. A. H. Wiggin, to explain before one of the congressional hearings that "the manufacturer keeps on manufacturing goods as long as he can sell them at a profit; and when he cannot sell them at a profit, he begins to reduce production." And so he did in 1929 and has done so ever since.

There are other estimates of the non-use of our productive capacity. It is an old problem of management engineering to keep a record of the idle portion of a plant and to determine its effect on overhead and cost, but these data concern individual plants. When it became evident that Mr. Fox as well as Mr. Pox and Mr. Crox and Mr. Knox had built a potential output capacity beyond all reasonable purchasing and consuming capacity, national estimates were undertaken.

The first of these was made by Dr. Wesley Mitchell and Dr. H. S. Person in the Columbia University Commission's report, which estimated our excess productive capacity at something less than 100 percent. The work of this Commission was more in the nature of an essay than a statistical or engineering research. It was based upon some two hundred questionnaires freely answered by men who knew industry and its potentiality from lifelong first-hand experience. Their answer is remarkably close to the findings of the N.S.P.P.C.

The second attempt was that of the Brookings Institution, but as the very definition of its task was different from the problem before the N.S.P.P.C., the conclusions are not comparable. The Brookings Institution (*America's Capacity to Produce*, Vol. I) found out that even with all the conventional limitations at the height of our prosperity (1929) we

could have produced 19 percent more than we did.

The National Survey is the first enterprise of its kind. This survey presents many unique features heretofore disregarded in studies of this nature. It determined the rate at which our natural resources could be made available for further processing and application, and this meant the arable land and forest as well as mineral resources, fuel and energy sources. Then it proceeded to analyze, step by step, the consecutive stages of processing raw materials. Starting, for instance, with the potential output of iron ore, it inquired into the capacity of blast furnaces, from castings and ingots to rolled shapes and sheet steel, allocating them to automobiles and roofing, railways and kitchen utensils, shoe nails and mosquito screens. It watched at every step for the bottle necks in productive equipment as well as for interchangeability of machinery and product and possible substitutes. Likewise, supplies entering manufacturing processes and capacity of their production have been estimated, allocated and potential need determined. At last the stage of finished consumer goods was reached and at this point the question arose: what is the practical limit of production of consumer goods, provided there is no restriction in purchasing power?

What would be, then, the yardstick with which to measure the practical productive capacity? The National Survey has worked out a tentative budget of a healthy and comfortable standard of physical life, which is a composite of partial budgets previously accepted, with some modifications, as authoritative. That we as a nation do not measure up to any of these standards is only too evident. But that we have even more than enough plant and means to satisfy these requirements for every inhabitant in the United States is also evident. This is the essential fact established by the N.S.P.P.C.

These findings, significant as they are, and indispensable in the face of impending planning of our national economy, are yet far from adequate. Such a survey should keep a perpetual inventory of our productive capacity, as otherwise a report is antiquated when it is published and cannot serve the needs of the government by providing adequate, correct and up-to-date information as to national resources and requirements. A proper report should cover regional problems of planning, centralization of industries, etc. Moreover, work of such a nature should correlate the excellent but isolated results of various government researches, prevent their duplication and standardize the methodology of gathering and working out data.

The most important phase of such a survey is yet to come. It should embrace engineering inquiry into obsolescence and the effect of the replacement of old machinery and methods by new, more automatic and productive plants in order to show and to evaluate: (a) how it will affect investments and producer-goods industry and (b) how it will further displace labor and affect hours and wages.

WALTER N. POLAKOV.

Washington Notes

Farley Gets Goats—A Move to Unseat Cutting—Mr. Moffett versus Mr. Ickes—Housing Comes Next

UNLESS in some emphatic and unmistakable way Roosevelt checks, restrains, repudiates or nullifies certain tendencies, purposes and plans of the ubiquitous Mr. Farley, who seems to go his bumptious way without rebuke, he will grievously disappoint the progressive Republican Senators, who have been his staunchest friends and most effective supporters since he entered the White House. In some instances, there is reason to believe this disappointment will be sufficiently intense to induce both resentment and reprisals. Those who know most about the situation as it now exists are convinced that Mr. Roosevelt will find it easier and more expedient to suppress Mr. Farley than to offend the feelings and the sense of fairness of men who, in the long run, count infinitely more in American politics than whole regiments of Farleys.

The fact, as I gather it from interested parties, seems to be that there is considerable promise that soon or late Mr. Farley may become a real issue between Mr. Roosevelt and the progressives. It is my conviction that Mr. Roosevelt will not permit this to happen. One reason is that, if ever he does, the progressives unquestionably will have public sentiment with them, the truth being that if it were not for the personal popularity of Mr. Roosevelt, the country would clearly gauge the caliber of this incurable Tammany politician and put him in his proper place. I think the President is astute enough to know this and will restore Mr. Farley's political perspective, which is undoubtedly much askew.

There are two principal points concerning Mr. Farley that the progressives are now making and that they beyond doubt intend to press. First, I am told, they will endeavor to get Mr. Roosevelt to recognize the folly and sinfulness of Farley's plans, but failing in this, the fight on him will be openly made in Congress and before the country. The first issue concerns the present Democratic plans—which are reported to have Mr. Farley's enthusiastic support—to unseat Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico on charges of undue election expenditures. Notice of contest has already been filed by the unsuccessful Democratic candidate, Representative Dennis Chavez, a close personal and political friend of Mr. Farley.

The talk in Washington is that Senator Cutting will be unseated. The further talk is that, despite the fact that they were at Groton and Harvard together, that before his inauguration Mr. Roosevelt asked Senator Cutting to become his Secretary of the Interior and that Senator Cutting bolted Hoover and supported the Democratic candidate in 1932—despite all this Mr. Roosevelt today has some personal feeling against Mr. Cutting. If this had not been so, it is said, there would have been no fight such as Mr. Farley made against him in New Mexico and certainly no plan such as now exists for taking his seat away. There is no question but that Mr. Roosevelt was irritated last session by Senator Cutting's action in speaking and voting to over-

ride his veto on veteran and federal-employee legislation. However, in view of the fact that some of the more slavish of his regular Democratic followers in the Senate did exactly the same thing, this does not seem an adequate reason either for trying to beat Senator Cutting for reelection or unseating him afterwards.

In any event, from the progressive angle such a course is regarded as gross ingratitude and will not be permitted tamely. Senator Norris and Senator Borah have both served notice of their intention to fight it. If the administration chooses to encourage the effort to unseat Cutting, it has the votes to accomplish it, but it will not, I think be done without a damaging fight.

The other point the progressives make against Mr. Farley is the manifest impropriety of his holding the dual offices of Postmaster General and Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, which cannot be made to harmonize with the position taken by Mr. Roosevelt in reference to the impropriety of members of the Committee practising law in Washington, or with any of his non-partisan professions and statements. Senator Norris has said that if it is permitted to continue it is sure to become scandalous and, the other day in a statement, he warned the Democratic Party against getting drunk with power, pointing out that the Democrats are still on trial and that they make a fatal mistake if they allow the election triumph of last month to swell their heads. It was good advice but it isn't likely to be taken.

Aside from these concrete grievances that the progressives nurse at the moment against the administration, there is also the disturbance in their minds as to the direction in which the President now intends to go. As I pointed out last week, he does assuage the alarm of his liberal callers by personal assurances of unchanged purpose. Nevertheless, the conservative influence among his advisers has been strengthened since the election, and the key to which the White House publicity is attuned is one of care for the feelings of the so-called business interests. Neither of these presidential gestures means very much, except that Mr. Roosevelt is continuing to play the middle-of-the-road game.

Now that the controversy concerning the relative merits of a housing program promoted by private capital and one promoted by public funds, between Mr. James Moffett of the F.H.C. and Mr. Harold Ickes of the P.W.A. has been ended over the telephone from Warm Springs, it is possible to get a little more definite information as to Roosevelt's plans along this particular line. There seems to be no doubt that, from Warm Springs, he sided with Mr. Moffett, and that it is his desire to make his housing program effective through the banks rather than through the Treasury. It was Mr. Ickes' contention that if we wait for private capital to take the initiative, at this time next year we will be right where we are now. All the reactionary metropolitan newspapers promptly denounced Mr. Ickes for what they regarded as an effort to discourage private enterprise and promote national ownership, basing the latter contention upon certain remarks Mr. Ickes made concerning "power." It seemed that the President took somewhat the same view of it. At any rate, the suddenness with which the controversy ended, and the extraordinary statement of amity, peace and concord which, under

the direction of Presidential Secretary Stephen Early, they signed and issued, left both of them, to my mind, looking a trifle foolish.

To get back to the main point, however, the chief thing Mr. Roosevelt wants pushed this winter is the housing program. Mr. Moffett will do the directing. Just how effective Mr. Moffett is as an administrator remains to be seen. He is a sort of super-salesman whose pep talks are very stimulating and whose press releases breathe optimism. Incidentally, he appears to have accumulated more press agents in a shorter time than any other administrator of a New Deal agency we have had. It will be interesting to check up later on Mr. Moffett's actual results. Some of his Standard Oil and social friends are rather skeptical about them—but then, they would be.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

*Insull Gets His Diploma—Juries Won't Convict—
The Investor Pays Through
the Nose*

MR. INSULL joins that select company of depression immortals which now includes Mr. Charles Mitchell, once head of the National City Bank, and Mr. Joseph P. Nutt, former head of the defunct Union Trust Company of Cleveland. He can now wear that proud American decoration—"Vindicated by a Jury." There is a member of the New York Legislature who was once put into an insane asylum and later, upon examination, dismissed with a certificate of sanity. He loves to display it and call on an opponent to do the same thing. Now Mr. Insull has his certificate of innocence from the jury. He can well challenge his critics to produce the same thing.

It was a pretty safe bet that the great disciple of Samuel Smiles would get his walking papers. Insull has exemplified in his life and work the highest traditions of money getting. Chicago, which so cruelly pursued him, ought at least to set up a statue to him in one of its parks. He has proved once again that the laws made on Mount Sinai for the common or garden variety of forgotten men are not supposed to apply to men who deal in large numbers.

Something must be said for the jury, since lawyers have perfected a technique for trying intricate financial-crime cases. First they delay trials, which brings the accused to the bar by the time sympathy has begun to ferment. Second, they drag out the trial interminably. After four or five weeks the whole thing gets so tangled that the juror doesn't know what it is all about. He feels he is listening, not to an account of a crime but to a discussion of bookkeeping.

Then, after all, jurors ought not to be expected to rise above the ethical standards of their communities. Indeed, the jury system is well calculated to assure the selection of jurors well below the prevailing intellectual standard. This being so, they can hardly be expected to regard with repugnance the acts of a man whose success they have admired—and whose acts most of them would be prepared to duplicate in their own small enterprises.

Finally, if I may be permitted to repeat what I observed on the occasion of the "vindication" of Mr. Nutt in Cleve-

land, financial offenses are not simple things. The ordinary culprit who hits an editor over the head in the park and steals his watch reduces his method to too great simplicity. A financial offense, however, is frequently a long story, not composed of one simple act, but of a long series of acts. Wrecking a bank, for instance, is not consummated with the swift simplicity of a park hold-up. It takes months, sometimes years. Frequently the individual acts are in themselves quite harmless. Under our archaic laws we never try a man for the complete crime. We select one or two of the component acts and try him for those. Inevitably they seldom look very serious to the jury.

Mr. Insull was not tried for wrecking the Middle West Utility Company or the Insull Utilities or the Corporation Securities Company. He was tried for a series of acts most of which were committed after all these institutions had already been wrecked and when, caught in the great financial storm, he was struggling desperately to save the vast shell that was his company.

The best comment on the trial and the verdict came from one of Mr. Insull's co-defendants, Mr. H. L. Stuart. "This verdict," he said, "reaffirms my faith in American institutions." He is right. That faith was not misplaced. This staunch institution, the American jury, has measured up to its best traditions. American financiers may do well to pause, in the midst of a cruel and tormenting world, to reflect that they can always depend on those twelve good vindicators and true—the American jury.

I was in Chicago during part of the trial. Coming in one night from a Chicago suburb on the Chicago, North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad, once part of Mr. Insull's system, I fell into conversation with the conductor. I asked what he thought of the trial of his former boss. "Well," he replied, "I don't see how they can convict him on that testimony." I asked him if he had lost any money in Mr. Insull's stock. No, he hadn't lost any. He had been forced to buy some, but had begged off before the crash on the ground that with his large family he couldn't afford to keep up the payments. He took this as an especial kindness on Mr. Insull's part. Moreover, one of his conductor friends had done well at it. Joe was a very saving cuss. He put all he had saved into Insull stocks. When the market was at its height Joe had unloaded and sold out for \$22,000—over twice what he paid for the stuff. Yes, he thought, there was a good deal to be said on the other side for Mr. Insull. I asked him if he knew who had bought Joe's stock. He didn't know. Perhaps, I suggested, it was some other Insull employees who, therefore, didn't fare so well. Yes, he knew some who had lost everything that-a-way. But after all he couldn't forget that they had let him out, and what Joe had done stuck in his mind as something pretty fine. He said I had to admit Joe would never have made that money if it hadn't been for Mr. Insull. I said: "What do they have to do to you guys to make you feel sore?" He smiled wanly and observed that after all he didn't know much about it, but for the life of him, he couldn't see how they could convict Mr. Insull on that evidence.

After all, in spite of the savage and violent outbursts of anger which our quiet and patient American can show toward certain forms of crime, such as not taking your hat

off to the flag, he really doesn't hunger to put people in jail—certainly not nice people. It seems to me the cause of justice would be served infinitely better if, in cases like Mr. Insull's, some other form of punishment could be devised, something less disrespectful than jail. In this case it would, in fact, have been very much better to accept Mr. Insull's own verdict on his case when he fled to Greece. Now he will flaunt his vindication for the rest of his days. I don't think we manage our vengeance on the financial offender very well.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dean Pound and the Nazis

SIR: Is it not possible that you and Dr. Beard [The New Republic, October 24] have unwittingly given a false impression about the receipt recently by Dean Pound of an honorary degree from the University of Berlin? The impression your readers must have got is that this degree was given in recognition of Dean Pound's pleasant remarks about Germany under the Hitler regime. Was it not in reality given because Dean Pound was a lecturer at the University before Hitler came into office, and was, therefore, bound by custom to accept the degree always conferred in recognition of such service?

Brookline, Mass.

JOHN F. MOORS.

[We are glad to give space to this letter presenting a possible routine reason why Dean Pound received his honorary degree. But we do not feel that he was bound by custom to accept an honorary degree conferred by a government bent on destroying all the values that scholars hold most dear. And, custom or not, does Mr. Moors imagine that Dean Pound would have received this degree if on his return to America he had expressed himself in opposition to Hitler's policy?—THE EDITORS.]

The Case for Japan

SIR: Your editorial of November 21 on the naval discussions in London grossly misrepresents the Japanese stand. Japan's proposal can be briefly summed up as follows:

1. Thorough naval parity, to establish the security of nations.
2. To make offensive war impossible in the future by diminishing the possibility of an attack.
3. To minimize the financial burdens of the people.

First, the continuance of naval inferiority which Great Britain and the United States are insisting upon, has, in the light of the present circumstances, no logical basis, and a new American naval-construction program will be recognized as a threat to the security of Japan, thus constantly interfering with our amicable relations. Japan, however, is by no means demanding an increase in her naval strength, as you state, but asking only equality. The present ratios, which give the United States and Great Britain navies of equal size, while that of Japan is only 60 percent as large, should be replaced by a new naval agreement. In case the present ratio of 5:5:3 is raised to 5:5:5, Japan will be willing to come to an agreement with the other naval powers to effect a drastic naval reduction. She is prepared, in other words, to accept a new ratio of 3:3:3 or even 2:2:2. Irrespective of the ratios, Japan firmly believes parity is the only logical highway to our mutual security.

Secondly, Japan is convinced of the fact that the "best defense" is to diminish the possibility of an attack. Therefore, she proposed to forgo the capital ships and the aircraft carriers and restrict the navy of the future to defensive types. Indeed, to prove her sincerity, she has stated that in terms of tonnage Japan is willing to scrap 250,000 tons of capital ships and 70,000 tons of aircraft

carriers. What is more, she hopes to do away with 100,000 tons of heavy cruisers, which means that Japan is willing to scrap, altogether, about 50 percent of her present naval armament in terms of tonnage.

Lastly, Japan realizes that an armament race among the nations would intensify political tension unnecessarily, but worse yet, it would increase the financial burdens of the people, which under the present economic stress no nation can well afford, since in the future it will require the enormous sum of \$80,000,000 or more even to construct a capital ship. Japan is wondering why the United States does not agree with her in her present proposal for the reduction of such a heavy financial burden of not only Japan but the United States as well.

The Japanese are a peace-loving nation as the Japanese character "military" signifies. It is made up of two parts: a symbol of a "weapon" and a verb "to stop." It means that the military force in Japan from the time immemorial found its *raison d'être* as an organ "to stop the use of a weapon" in two ways, namely, by not resorting to the use of a weapon unless there was an absolute necessity to do so and by fighting it out when she was compelled to. Today we are striving toward the same goal of our forefathers, *i.e.*, to end warfare, and our proposal at the London preliminary naval negotiations is strictly in accord with the high ideal of pacifists.

CAPTAIN TAMON YAMAGUCHI, I.J.N.,
Naval Attaché, Japanese Embassy.

Washington, D.C.

[Captain Yamaguchi has misstated the text of The New Republic's editorial. What we wrote was: "Japan is demanding an increase in her relative naval strength and says if she doesn't get it she will repudiate all treaties of naval limitation: everyone knows that she means what she says." Captain Yamaguchi's letter amply confirms our statement.—THE EDITORS.]

About Doriot

SIR: I read in your issue of October 3 a letter from Joseph P. Lash, saying that Doriot was expelled from the French League Against War and Fascism at the same time that he was expelled from the Communist Party. . . . Doriot at the time he was expelled from the Communist Party was representing the Party in the French League. He was then replaced on the National Committee by another representative of the Communist Party. The non-Communists on the National Committee wished him to remain in the French League as the representative of the strongest branch of the League, the St. Denis local of 20,000 members, and it was so voted. Comrade Dufour of the Socialist Party is secretary of this St. Denis branch.

LOUIS PERIGAUD,
Executive Secretary of the World Committee.

New York City.

An Appeal for Jacques Romain

SIR: Jacques Romain, poet and novelist of color, and the finest living Haitian writer, has just been sentenced at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, to two years in jail for circulating there a French magazine of Negro liberation called *Cri des Nègres*. Jacques Romain is a young man of excellent European education who formerly occupied a high post in the Haitian government and is greatly respected by intellectuals as an outstanding man of letters. He is one of the very few upper-class Haitians who understands and sympathizes with the plight of the oppressed peasants of his island home and who has attempted to write about and to remedy the pitiful conditions of 90 percent of the Haitian people exploited by the big coffee monopolies and by the manipulations of foreign finance in the hands of the National City Bank of New York.

As a fellow writer of color, I call upon all writers and artists of whatever race who believe in the freedom of words and of the human spirit, to protest immediately to the President of Haiti and to the nearest Haitian Consulate the uncalled for and unmerited sentence to prison of Jacques Romain, one of the few, and by far the most talented, of the literary men of Haiti.

LANGSTON HUGHES.

Seasonal Notes

Anything Goes, music and lyrics by Cole Porter, book by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Alvin Theatre, November 21, 1934.

Personal Appearance, by Lawrence Riley. Henry Miller's Theatre, October 17, 1934.

IN THE main, when it comes to "Anything Goes," by Mr. Cole Porter and others, at the Alvin Theatre, I should never pretend to be a judge. These matters, I should think, would be settled most healthily by whether we enjoy the show or not, which I did.

This musical comedy might have been more glowing or spectacular, one of those productions that draw on all the fund of obliging, talented or hard-driven revue resources that America affords. There is no good dancing or attempt at it, there is no very good singing or, in fact, chance to sing. Mr. Gaxton, with the utmost willingness, keeps working with his voice when what is called a lyric appears, Miss Ethel Merman is intelligent and sharp as she delivers her song lines, Miss Bettina Hall has only a little singing, to be dispatched, evidently, as readily as possible. There are no settings that go beyond affable proficiency. There are no vast displays or repetitions of female anatomy, feather fans with their ventral risks, or costly limbs of glorified beauties.

In "Anything Goes" all is fairly plain and matter-of-fact, almost blasé, though not the blasé projected as a stage quality. It is sophisticated and easy, as if the luxury or entertainment of the world were to be taken as something we are long since used to; we may as well have an agreeable evening without being vulgarly dazzled or impressed. Something about this sort of musical comedy suggests a sort of international fusion of everything, as if one had traveled so much and known so many people and varieties of diversion that nothing need either thrill or astonish. The coldness that proceeds from such knowledge governing a musical comedy is perceptible enough, and yet "Anything Goes" is not hard. The spirit behind it would seem too easy and too pleasantly bred for such stale drought and barren mechanics.

A hard-boiled, expert but at bottom envious, raw and ugly element has definitely appeared these last few years in various Broadway musical-comedy entertainments. No use calling titles, but we have all noted in this theatre the increasing dominance—partly because of the stagecraft, energy and persistence behind it—of a certain spirited and knowing, if you like, but crude, jealous and violent wit or satire. If you watch some of these pieces you will see that whatever degree of success the comedy or satire attains proceeds too often from a combination of humorous, harsh invention plus an envious greed and rankle with regard to what some other people may have, do or be. From this combination of elements comes, also, the remarkable effect of proficient vulgarity that belongs to these shows. What moral character such satire has is thwarted by its anxiety over its own stage success; and when it does succeed, our memory of its success is thwarted by a growing recognition of the grudging, oblique and covetous nature of the mind and spirit behind it. This sort of quality in our theatre is

destructive finally because, with regard to the life it is funny about, it has no basis in human light, kindness or native tradition, and because with regard to itself it is not happy. "Anything Goes" is, for one thing, then, agreeable by contrast.

With "Anything Goes," as with most musical comedies nowadays, we may note an item worth considering; there is in it no glamorous hue to any of the female roles. Miss Bettina Hall, in the role of the hero's beloved, is given plenty of gowns but clipped of any of the lustrous nonsense that musical lady stars once had on our stage. She is just a young, obvious society person. Miss Merman accelerates her effect by removing its demands. She is a woman on the stage and in the story, but no plumes, no shine, no invitation to danger. Looking over all our young ladies in musical-comedy parts generally, we find that we are as at home with them as with a table d'hôte. The construance of this into stage appeal or its transition into stage glamor is quite another matter. One wonders what our audience would think if Lillian Russell came back, or even more recent favorites. Would these once starry stars seem mostly hooey to an audience not deeper than that earlier day but more indulged, not more exacting but less devoted to illusion? Have we been spoiled, overfed and herded until at heart really we are not looking for glamor?

Have the matter-of-fact clothes, the unassertiveness of today's female figure, the absence of mystery, had something to do with this decline in glamor, and has this glamor been taken over by the movies? Can you name any actress in musical comedy who has a glamor and following in the older sense? Or, in a way, is this state of affairs more propitious to what are thought of as male qualities—as with Mr. Victor Moore, who triumphs at every point in his performance?

Mr. Lawrence Riley's perpetually sold-out diva comedy is one of those blessed pieces whose annals are short. In a daily journal, writing next morning, one might report "Personal Appearance" as good fun, a fresh running stream of ironical but not ugly humor, and a performance that is always entertaining. In one detail—a costume—it provides an example of something much needed. If there is anything that our theatre could profit by it is the thickening of the texture generally, in the words, in the tissue of character, in costume, et cetera, so that the various faculties we bring to it may be better exercised and diverted. Some years ago, at the time when scenery engaged so much talent and discussion, there was a good deal of talk about dramatic costume (which is to say a costume on the stage that furthers the dramatic moment). Now you may go from play to play with astonishment to see, considering that the same amount of money would be spent in either case, how rarely does a garment contribute anything to the drama of its moment. The star of Hollywood on her way to a personal appearance in the city breaks down at a small-town doorstep, dazzles the family and lets her eyes light on the family fiancé. She comes down to dinner in a blaze of silver sequins. With her every turn in the stage glare she dazzles and swamps our merely mortal eyes; she is absurd but crushing. Her gown is already half the drama of the moment.

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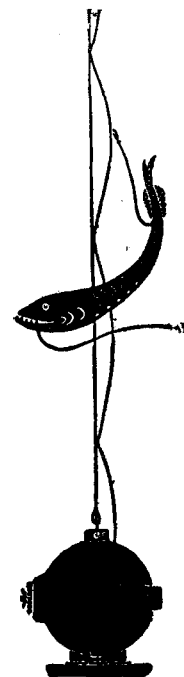
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These two pages consist of selections from Miss Peggy Bacon's book, "Off With Their Heads!" just published by Robert McBride (\$3). Miss Bacon's book consists of a number of full-page portraits, accompanied by small sketches of the same subjects and by brief prose descriptions made by Miss Bacon while sketching, and written by her not for publication but for her own guidance. We have reprinted a few of the small sketches and of the prose descriptions instead of reviewing Miss Bacon's book. We are glad to announce that in the near future The New Republic will begin publication of a series of full-page portraits by Miss Bacon of other outstanding figures in contemporary American life.—THE EDITORS.



HEYWOOD BROWN

Good forehead and fly-away hair looping over one eye, flourishing save for oasis at back-top. Eyes embedded in soft dark puffs; dark shave. Face starts back of ears in wide muscle curving from temple to temple. Chin extra pin-cushion applied to main form. Nostrils abruptly pointed and squared; nose follows slant of forehead with vivid deviations, correcting an otherwise hammocky face. Black hair and eyes, even warm skin, Mediterranean type of coloring. Ears a bit pinker, lips no special color, sagging cigarette. Pencil tilted back of ear. Heavy soggy flesh, large, loose shirt, sloping shoulders. Body like a mound of small-town politician. Large, rippling hands like bloated octopi. Snuff-colored trousers. Sits in black leather chair with floppily crossed feet in god-awful mess of letters and litter. Looks like a stage elephant made of two men. Mild, journalistic anxiety stamped on face. Must-get-the-article-in look.



SINCLAIR LEWIS

Pinkish, red-head, hair smooth and flattened in front, neglected, disheveled and bunched in brief strands behind. Irritable brow. Long flat plane from temple to collar. Flesh like canned tomatoes with the seeds in it, changing abruptly to cream-colored forehead. Pale blue clever bulgy eyes, glaring dizzily at something in offing, possibly ant-hill. Sandy eyelashes, invisible eyebrows, lips gathered on a draw-string with puzzled purse like old lady's reticule. Nose of a grocer adding up slip. Freckled hands with an elegant shape, sensitively caressing cigarette. Face wiggles formlessly into collar, long seamy neck to rear. Gold-rimmed spectacles, mal-fitting collar, hunched shoulders. Looks overheated, corrugated, modest and oafish. A country-store type.



ART YOUNG

Little round head tickled up by a few naïve white curls. Face illuminated like an old manuscript with a scrollwork of humorous wrinkles. Light comedy nose, and a wide, happy smiling mouth with its sauciness intact though modified by age and mocking realization. Brief body, high waist, no vest and flowered necktie. Gayly satirical, Gilbert and Sullivan, shaking a rattle at pomposity, hypocrisy and all things ignoble, eyeing them mischievously. Honest, mild and merry but armed to the teeth with talent and sardonic knowledge. A kind-hearted soldier with a machine gun.



EDMUND WILSON

Ample, cool white head like the pale day moon, touched up by a hint of atmospheric hair. Wide wondering forehead with staring eyes very far apart, independent of each other, giving a disconcertingly dual look to face. Small, gentle mouth and pudgy chin. Manner hurried, muddled, helpless, harassed with a sense of futility. Intellectually honest, strict, uninstinctive, mirthless.



DIEGO RIVERA

Gentle, heavy, sea-lion look. Mane untrammelled, rampant, separating into curving wisps with long ends back of ears. Widow's peak. Excavation in forehead like a flying bird. Deep creases starting halfway down nose and ending in cleft chin with a smooth landslide to collar. Eyes shaped like flounders with chocolate-cream pupils and set in parker-house rolls. Lips dull mulberry, thick, protruding, saved by engaging smile. Gray chin, sallow flesh. Suit hangs in a tropical-moss manner from stooped sloping shoulders which start close under ears. Upper teeth visible, naïvely separated. Appears the earthy laborer of mixed race. A monument in pottery. Smooth Latin manners. Full of high-minded cunning and crafty sagacity.



DR. FRED HOWE

Old New England type, unkempt, unselfconscious, straight, earnest. Seamed and cross-hatched, weathered, worm-eaten, antique, early-American, curly maple. Eyebrows sputtering, hair like hay, forehead evenly seamed in a half-dozen parallels. Eyes deep-set, orbless chinks through which something invisible peeps at you, not slyly but with observant interest. Nose starts way under brow and develops rapidly to a thick end with scooped nostrils. Upper lip short in meditative pucker. Lower lip perfectly horizontal line, a straight crack across the face. Chin multiplying wrinkles like skin on boiled milk. Expression of relaxed, pondering abstraction. Disinterestedly absorbed in mundane matters. The world his hobby. Potters over it like an old carriage-maker. Think-I-can-fix-it-up look.



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Large, massive, oblong skull, flesh pretty well messed up with scars, folds and wrinkles but amazingly firm in outline. Head like a big trunk, battered by travel and covered with labels, mostly indecipherable. Cosmopolitan, intact but hard-used. Color warm neutral with dingy hair, thick and ill groomed at rear. Mouth curved judiciously, lower lip protrudes. Eyes slanting with complicated puckers beneath, giving air of speculation rather than dissipation. Form lumbering, sits carelessly in comfort with wrinkled shoulders. Bright, direct look, the frank, clear gaze of craft. Clever as hell but so innocent. Tactful, charming, ingratiating. Urbane grin, fine stage presence. A grand old actor.

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Winter Book Section

American Poetry: 1934

THE YEAR 1934 will apparently not be prominent in the records of poetry. The past twelve months have produced no "Conquistador," "Bridge," or "Waste Land," nor even the punctual innovation of an earlier decade that used to "set," in Ezra Pound's favorite way, "a new date" annually. The age of movements and manifestoes seems to be over. But this is not to say that poetry is on the downgrade that skeptics, exhausted by a new Generation every two years and a fresh Renaissance every three, have predicted. Poetry has other business besides creating sensations. It is too early to generalize about the literary atmosphere of the 1930's, but it is obvious that the post-war "iron time of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears," when everyone was too weary or too wise and "everything was discovered and nothing known," is over. The depression, among other causes, has set a date for that. "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake," said the spokesman of the 1920's, Stephen Dedalus. Until he finds a successor, we may infer that the dreamer has now opened his eyes.

What he sees is an age struggling to emerge from the illusions of memory. "The historical sense which we may call indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year" was the object lesson of "The Waste Land," but now, twelve years later, a sense of the present is more urgent. Joyce's Mr. Earwicker may still weave the mazes of universal omniscience in the colossal trance of the "Work in Progress"; Transition keeps up its fight for "the mystic, the telluric, the demonish, the phantasmal"; the kaleidoscope of time still shifts its dazzling fragments in Pound's "Cantos"; and Mr. MacLeish is loath to renounce the swoons of memory and desire. But even here the past is retreating. MacLeish has deserted Paris and the Spanish Main to ponder Rockefeller Center, and Pound's "Eleven New Cantos" turns from Provence, China and Malatestas to profiteering, American Revolutionists, Social Credit and Major Douglas.

Some would even ask the dead past to share its grave with poetry. "For in the beginning," says Sherry Mangan in "No Apology for Poetrie," his first volume of verse, "there were Spring, Love and Death. Lately only Death has been valid. And now we're sick of Death. Tired, ergo, of Poesie." Thus our late metaphysical school is condemned to eclipse along with the writers of elegies and genteel lyrics. But the awakenings are of different kinds. For some the dawn reveals nothing but the bleak daylight of the moral conscience; some awake to the red sky of revolution; and others are even willing to wake up and go on dreaming.

Of these three aspects of the year's verse, the last is naturally most popular. The public wants its New Deal in poetry no less than in politics. There has been a rebirth of ecstasy, some of it purely biological and imaginative in youth's familiar way, but the loudest of it a revival of the messianic Americanism of the Whitman and Lindsay traditions, touched now with the accent of Hart Crane's "The

Dance" and "Atlantis." There is no mistaking the source of this impulse. It stems from the rugged individualism that will require more than a depression or poems about death to desert the native soul. Whether enshrined in John Lomax's new collection of "American Folk Songs and Ballads," or revamped in Robert Coffin's "Ballads of Square-Toed Americans" or T. H. Ferril's "Westerling," this is the faith that passeth understanding among poetry-readers of 1934.

Its lustiest expression came in the cheerful blatancy of Paul Engle's "American Song," the year's biggest success and obvious Pulitzer candidate. Here Shelley is resurrected and supplied with "guts," the styles of MacLeish and Benét are smoothly parodied, the "sad poets" of the Waste Land era crossly scolded, and the entire volume is handsomely decorated with designs copied from silver dollars of the Inflation period. In Engle a considerable talent has been throttled at the outset by brutality mistaken for vigor, and by the adoring delirium of reviewers. These dangers also threaten Jesse Stuart's "Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow." Here is another version of America, an over-written one, but grounded in a sense of fact and the crude authority of experience.

The lack of these qualities is what endangers most of the lyric verse of the year—Kimball Flaccus' "Avalanche of April," Gilbert Maxwell's "Look to the Lightning" and Elder Olson's "Things of Sorrow" (the last by far the superior, and the work of a sensitive talent). On the other hand, an excess of intellectual exhilaration becomes something of a burden in two of the more mature collections, Mangan's volume, with its freight of irony, sciolism and humorous richness, and James Agee's "Permit Me Voyage." Agee is not only sponsored by Mr. MacLeish; he decorates his book with a "Dedication" wherein he invokes God, Christ, Dante, D. H. Lawrence, Ring Lardner, Einstein, Hemingway, Toscanini, Yehudi Menuhin, Leopold Bloom, his family relations and several score of other auspicious models. After eight pages of this and Mr. MacLeish's ominous warning to respect his protégé, one is pleased to come on a group of fresh and intent lyrics, keen in feeling and eager in style, that make Agee not only worth watching but worth the more immediate demands of thoughtful reading.

The revolutionary poets demand more than reading and watching; they want action. For them the moment of decision has arrived, the world crisis having stirred in America the first united effort among poets of the proletarian hope. Around their work has flourished the year's most vigorous literary controversy and a large outcrop of proletarian magazines. The verse in *Dynamo*, *The Partisan Review*, *The New Quarterly*, *The American Scene*, *The Anvil*, *Left Front* and their contemporaries (some already defunct) falls generally below the level of the poets in the much advertised English revival, with Spender, Day-Lewis and Auden in the vanguard. That is because the

inanity to repudiate, and a surer guide in earlier traditions of insurgence. But the growing maturity of the best American poets in this field makes the dominance of the social problem in the next generation inevitable.

Three poets head these ranks—Horace Gregory, with his distinguished volume of last year, "No Retreat"; John Wheelwright, in whom the discipline of tradition meets that of the human problem in one of this year's most original books, "Rock and Shell"; and Norman MacLeod, who has gathered from his prolific outpourings a first collection of exceptional content, "Horizons of Death." Their documentation of social facts and values is reinforced by the poetry of men like Charles Reznikoff, and like William Carlos Williams, one of the positively original and isolated talents that America has developed in a quarter-century, who has now issued his first collection in many years. The social utility of art will become a question worth less acrimony, misunderstanding and anger when it is realized that poets like Gregory, Wheelwright and Williams exist to clarify its problems by their talents, not merely to obscure them by their words. They, with a number of lesser poets, make the next chapter in American verse as unmistakable in its issues as in its importance.

For those who accept tradition as a discipline and the private intelligence, sober or ironical, as a matter of importance, Robinson still offers his annual example. "Talifer" and "Amaranth" are the latest versions of the interminable rumination in scruple that has filled twenty volumes or more, now attenuated to sardonic dryness and the unfaltering accent of a grim satisfaction. This passive agnosticism is opposed by Eliot's recent zeal for religious and ethical leadership in three books, "The Use of Poetry," "After Strange Gods" and "The Rock," for even if Eliot is no longer an American, two of these books originated in the United States and here their problems are best understood.

Robinson and Eliot cannot be reconciled, but the authorities they invoke, tradition and personal will, dominate two of the most serious books of the year, John Peale Bishop's "Now with His Love" and Yvor Winters' "Before Disaster," both leaning too heavily on doctrines outside poetry but both deriving from lines of American idealism more essential than anything the literary New Deal has offered. These motives have fared less well in other hands. David McCord has tamed them into mild submission in "The Crows," Frances Frost has given them an overwritten heroic expression in "Woman of This Earth," and Alexander Laing, in "Wine and Physic," offers a tedious defense of King's English and the sanctities of the native heritage that only serves to exonerate the heresies he comes to denounce.

There have been other poets, new and old, who admit no ready classification. Edna Millay has offered "Wine from These Grapes," chiefly in her old bottles, although there are signs that the heady brew of youth has lost its charm for her. Her sonnet sequence, "Epitaph for the Race of Man," continues the windy grandiloquence of her faults, but there are enough poems here to encourage the prediction that she may arrive at a maturity like Yeats's. There have been also the sensitive lyric beauty of Marya Zaturenska's "Threshold and Hearth," and the ornate feminine transports of Audrey Wurdemann's "Bright Ambush." Christopher LaFarge has given a feeble account of the agrarian collapse in "Hoxie Sells His Acres," and Leonard Bacon has missed his chance of applying Rimbaud's ordeal to the contemporary crisis by turning it into a noisy and slovenly parable in "Dream and Action." There have been new names (Helene Margaret, Robert Fitzgerald,

George Oppen) and old ones (Genevieve Taggard, Laura Benét, Alice Corbin, Lizette Reese). But the lines of poetry are severely drawn. Tradition with its flags stands against insurgence with its trumpets, and only the staggering omniscience of an Ezra Pound or the smiling irony of Robinson are remote enough from the battle to keep some poets from taking sides.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Blaine of Maine

James G. Blaine, by David Muzzey. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 514 pages. \$4.

BLAINE was the most dramatic figure in American politics between 1870 and 1890. His career parallels that of Henry Clay, especially in the devotion of his friends and the virulence of his enemies. Dr. Muzzey has made use of the color that adoration and detraction give to the story, while maintaining the impartiality of the historian. He has written a biography that tells us all we need to know about Blaine.

Dr. Muzzey follows critically Blaine's career in office from his membership in the House in the days of reconstruction to the twice-held secretaryship of state. In this final phase appear the chief evidences of his statesmanship, his dealings with Great Britain over the preservation of the seals, his Latin American policy and his initiation of reciprocity as an entering wedge in the protective system. More exciting is the account of his connection with the office that he did not achieve. Dr. Muzzey believes that he intensely desired the presidential nomination only in 1876, when it would have meant vindication from charges of personal corruption. In 1880 he was satisfied with beating Grant and Conkling. In 1884 the nomination came to him without much effort; but the renewed charges of corruption, the revolt of the Mugwumps from party allegiance and the ludicrous mischance of Burchard's "rum, Romanism and rebellion" speech embittered his defeat. He clearly refused the nomination in 1888, and himself named Harrison. The reasons for his resignation from the latter's Cabinet and abortive clutch at the nomination in 1892 remain among the mysteries.

The theatrical quality of Blaine's career reached its height in the investigation of his probity in connection with the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds. Blaine appeared before the House of Representatives, of which he had lately been Speaker, and read explicit exonerations from official sources, but his efforts to quiet the charges at this time and later were incredibly naïve. "Burn this letter" became a slogan of the campaign in 1894. Dr. Muzzey is probably right in saying, in effect, that Blaine was innocent, but that he behaved like a guilty man.

Dr. Muzzey finds the key to Blaine's career in the fact that he was above all a party man. It is significant that for twenty years, amid the preoccupations of national statesmanship, he remained chairman of the Republican state committee of Maine. This partisanship accounts for the peculiar devotion and the bitter hostility Blaine inspired. The Republican Party capitalized its triumph in the war. As the destroyer of slavery and the preserver of the Union it was sacrosanct to its members, and all that was not Republican was evil. This was living upon the past, and as the issues of the Civil War faded those which took their place lacked commanding importance. The tariff, civil-service reform, British chicane, were the stuff of politics in the years of Blaine's ascendancy, but these

were not questions upon which hung the existence of the nation. Politics for the generation after the Civil War became an end in itself. Its exercises, like those of religion, afforded an occupation for people who had little organized sport and no moving pictures, automobiles or radio. The caucus, the convention, mass meetings, torch-light processions, all led up to the great sporting event of the presidential election. We see Blaine in Dr. Muzzey's pages as the central figure in the characteristic national sport of the period. He was the favorite pitcher of his team, and though he entered only one game he was always conspicuous on the players' bench. Of him, as of Burke, Goldsmith's line is true: "For party gave up what was meant for mankind."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Who's Loony Now?

My Next Bride, by Kay Boyle. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

Women Must Work, by Richard Aldington. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

The Foolscap Rose, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Tender Checks, by Wolfe Kaufman. New York: Covici, Friede. \$2.50.

Winged Victory, by V. M. Yeates. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

The World Outside, by Hans Fallada. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

GERTRUDE STEIN says she dislikes the abnormal, it is so obvious. Though most of us would give a different reason for our dislike—or is it distrust?—most of us would agree that her feeling is normal. But then we may remember that Aldous Huxley has betrayed another open secret: that normality is simply a question of statistics. Well, sooner or later we have to vote on every vital question; how shall we vote on this one? Is our day really so plagued by misfortune that the abnormal is in the majority, and consequently normal? It would need more than a show of hands to take this count correctly. If we were to draw conclusions from the evidence of contemporary fiction, it would be quite possible to decide that the neurotics have nearly every portfolio in the *de facto* government. In evidence, I submit the following random examples:

Though Kay Boyle admires Gertrude Stein, she does not dislike the abnormal; in fact, it seems to be the only subject she cares about. Her stories are as dependent as Faulkner's on the vagaries of pathological psychology. Or, to put it in less pathological English, the people she writes about are as queer as Dick's hat-band. Her latest, "My Next Bride," is a tale of expatriates in Paris. Her heroine is a young American wanderer who attaches herself to a cockeyed Utopian colony of simple-lifers, and for a while, in contrast to their solemn cavortings, seems almost sane and sensible. But then a rich and despairingly clever compatriot appears on the scene and his hopeless babblings upset her completely. She respects his status as a married man—or perhaps his dedication to death—but plunges into a series of messy affairs with other handy males. She is just being rescued from herself and being taken off to a nice clean abortion by her beloved's long suffering wife when she see a newspaper headline announcing his suicide. One of her ancestors, it seems fairly clear, was Sidney Carton. At her best, Kay Boyle writes about these patients of hers with clinical coldness. But in this book it is not coldness you feel; it is

sympathy. (I almost used an old-fashioned word and said "morbid sympathy.")

Richard Aldington goes at his quacklike task in a different way—and, it must be added, a great deal less ably. His people, too, make a disagreeable impression; but they are not in the least haunting. We feel no uneasy neurotic kinship with them, only an impatient scorn for their unrelieved mediocrity. No doubt the impression is intended (Mr. Aldington is supposed to be a satirist), but it is a distinctly second-rate impression. "Women Must Work" is the thoroughly dreary story of how a middle-class English girl squirmed her way up from pre-war provincial beginnings to the top of the post-war London heap. As a portrait of a female prig it has its points, which Mr. Aldington dulls as notably as any Gissing. But as a picture of normal human beings it is a caricature considerably weakened by the fact that the artist has temperament but cannot draw.

My argument may appear precarious indeed when it comes to Joseph Hergesheimer, that epitome of all the pompous virtues of the conservative literary man. Mr. Hergesheimer has long ago been given the last tremendous accolade of American sanity: an honored niche in *The Saturday Evening Post*. His books give off an unmistakably *de rigueur, de luxe* odor (how these French phrases do crop up when you have to describe a really expensive model) which makes you feel, even when he is writing about agony or sweat, that you are simply reading about it in evening clothes. The pathological element in Mr. Hergesheimer's books lies not so much in his characters as in the manner of their presentation. His style, which is like an elephant dreaming, swathes his stories in a protective mist. In his latest book—a tale of several generations of Pennsylvania paper-makers—the mist seems to be wearing a little thin. But it will never blow away altogether, which is perhaps just as well. For there is nothing behind it but Mr. Hergesheimer.

Of Mr. Kaufman's "Tender Checks" it should be sufficient to remark that it is of the gunman school of writing, and if that's not pathological, what is? I picked it up. I read a few pages. It was tough stuff. It was lousy. I said to hell with it. Mr. Yeates's "Winged Victory" is a circumstantial chronicle, written in a wide-eyed English public-school manner, of British aviators in the War. It might have been called "How Little Rollo Was Shell-Shocked."

But now we come to something entirely different. Perhaps you read Hans Fallada's "Little Man, What Now?" which came out about a year ago, and for some pathological reason—I suspect the sickly Germanic title helped—was a best-seller. There was a book that was as sentimentally abnormal as Dickens' worst maunderings. But it was written about perfectly ordinary, not to say depressingly undersized, people. Now Herr Fallada has written a book about jailbirds (neurotics enforced) which magnificently answers his own tearful question. What is to become of those unlucky ones for whom society can find no place? Herr Fallada shows you what becomes of them, and in society's own terms—insane, criminals, public enemies—but he has told his tale with such inevitable truth that at the end it is society's standard of normality, not theirs, that stands arraigned as criminally insane. If you believe that we have the vicious poor always with us by divine right, this is a dangerous book to read. If you are not as sure as you might be about who's loony now, it will not help you to make up your mind in a cheerfully Rooseveltian manner. Hans Fallada's criminal neurotics are described in painfully sane terms. They cannot be waked from, as from some neurotic nightmare. They exist. T. S. M.

A Hundred Notable Books: 1934

Biography and Memoirs

- Oliver Cromwell, by John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.50.
 Thorstein Veblen and His America, by Joseph Dorfman. Viking. \$3.75.
 Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, by E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.
 R. E. Lee, by Douglas Southall Freeman. Scribner's. 2 vols. \$7.50.
 Prelude to the Past, by "R.G." Morrow. \$3.
 Colonel Lawrence: The Man Behind the Legend, by Liddell Hart. Dodd, Mead. \$3.75.
 Forty-Two Years in the White House, by Irwin (Ike) Hoover. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.
 The Robber Barons, by Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.
 Not I, But the Wind, by Frieda Lawrence. Viking. \$2.75.
 The War Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Little, Brown. 4 vols. \$4 each.
 Retreat from Glory, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Putnam. \$3.
 James G. Blaine, by David S. Muzzey. Dodd, Mead. \$4.
 Queen Elizabeth, by J. E. Neale. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75.
 Nijinsky, by Romola Nijinsky. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.
 Alexander the Corrector, by Edith Olivier. Viking. \$2.50.
 Davy Crockett, by Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
 The Quest for Corvo, by A. J. A. Symons. Macmillan. \$2.50.
 A Chinese Testament, by S. Tretiakov. Simon and Schuster. \$3.
 Experiment in Autobiography, by H. G. Wells. Macmillan. \$4.
 A Backward Glance, by Edith Wharton. Appleton. \$3.
 Dostoevsky: A Life, by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75.

Fiction

- Lightship, by Archie Binns. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50.
 The Land of Plenty, by Robert Cantwell. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.
 Journey to the End of the Night, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Little, Brown. \$2.50.
 Mary Peters, by Mary Ellen Chase. Macmillan. \$2.50.
 Yesterday's Burdens, by Robert M. Coates. Macaulay. \$2.
 Defy the Foul Fiend, by John Collier. Knopf. \$2.50.
 The World Outside, by Hans Fallada. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.
 The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan, by James T. Farrell. Vanguard. \$2.50.
 Passions Spin the Plot, by Vardis Fisher. Doubleday, and the Caxton Printers. \$2.50.
 Tender Is the Night, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Scribner's. \$2.50.
 The Death and Birth of David Markand, by Waldo Frank. Scribner's. \$2.75.
 The Executioner Waits, by Josephine Herbst. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
 Jonah's Gourd Vine, by Zora Neale Hurston. Lippincott.

- Ulysses, by James Joyce. Random House. \$3.50.
 The Unforgotten Prisoner, by R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.75.
 Long Remember, by MacKinlay Kantor. Coward. \$2.50.
 Man's Fate, by André Malraux. Smith and Haas. \$2.50.
 Joseph and His Brothers, by Thomas Mann. Knopf. \$2.50.
 Pitcairn's Island, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Little, Brown. \$2.50.
 A Nest of Simple Folk, by Séan O'Faoláin. Viking. \$2.50.
 A World in Birth, by Romain Rolland. (Fifth and last volume of "The Soul Enchanted.") Holt. \$2.75.
 The Shadow Before, by William Rollins, Jr. McBride. \$2.50.
 Men of Good Will, by Jules Romains. Vol. II, Passion's Pilgrims. Vol. III, The Proud and the Meek. Knopf. \$2.50. each.
 The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze, by William Saroyan. Random House. \$2.50.
 And Quiet Flows the Don, by Mikhail Sholokhov. Knopf. \$3.
 Fontamara, by Ignazio Silone. Smith and Haas. \$2.50.
 The Unpossessed, by Tess Slesinger. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.
 The Folks, by Ruth Suckow. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.
 The Forty Days of Musa Dagh, by Franz Werfel. Viking. \$3.

Poetry and Criticism

- Poems, by W. H. Auden. Random House. \$2.50.
 Art in America, by Holger Cahill. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$1.50.
 The Art of the Novel, by Henry James. Edited by R. P. Blackmur. Scribner's. \$3.
 Geoffrey Chaucer, by John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.
 American Ballads and Folksongs, by John A. and Alan Lomax. Macmillan. \$5.
 Poems, by Stephen Spender. Random House. \$1.50.
 Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow, by Jesse Stuart. Dutton. \$3.
 Plastic Redirections in Twentieth Century Painting, by James Johnson Sweeney. Chicago. \$1.50.
 Rock and Shell, by John Brooks Wheelwright. Bruce Humphries. \$2.50.
 Collected Poems, by William Carlos Williams. Objectivist Press. \$2.
 America and Alfred Stieglitz, edited by Waldo Frank, Lewis Mumford and others. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.50.

Science and Philosophy

- The Twilight of Parenthood, by Enid Charles. Norton. \$2.50.
 A Common Faith, by John Dewey. Yale. \$1.50.
 Art as Experience, by John Dewey. Minton, Balch. \$4.
 The Platonic Legend, by Warner Fite. Scribner's. \$2.50.
 A Primer for Tomorrow, by Christian Gauss. Scribner's. \$2.50.
 Adam's Ancestors, by L. S. B. Leaky. Longmans. \$3.20.
 From Galileo to Cosmic Rays: A New Look at Physics, by Harvey Brace Lemon. Chicago. \$5.
 The Mind of Man, by Henry E. Sigerist. Norton. \$4.

- Embryology and Genetics, by Thomas Hunt Morgan. Columbia. \$3.
 The Architecture of the Universe, by W. F. G. Swann. Macmillan. \$3.75.
 The Philosophy of Spinoza, by Harry Austryn Wolfson. Harvard. 2 vols. \$7.50.

History and Public Affairs

- The Native's Return, by Louis Adamic. Harpers. \$2.75.
 The Open Door at Home, by Charles A. Beard. Macmillan. \$3.
 Property or Peace, by H. N. Brailsford. Covici, Friede. \$3.
 Russia's Iron Age, by William Henry Chamberlin. Little, Brown. \$4.
 The Decline of American Capitalism, by Lewis Corey. Covici, Friede. \$4.
 Culture in the South, edited by W. T. Couch. North Carolina. \$4.
 A History of the Great War, by C. R. M. F. Cruttwell. Oxford. \$5.50.
 Duranty Reports Russia, by Walter Duranty. Viking. \$2.75.
 Fascism and Social Revolution, by R. Palme Dutt. International. \$2.25.
 Merchants of Death, by H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.
 Security Speculation, by John T. Flynn. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.
 "Capital" in Lithographs, by Hugo Gellert. Long and Smith. \$3.
 The Civilizations of the East, by René Grousset. Knopf. 4 vols. \$20.
 A Short History of the New Deal, by Louis M. Hacker. Crofts. \$1.75.
 Hitler Over Europe, by Ernst Henri. Simon and Schuster. \$1.90.
 Rebel Destiny, by Melville J. and Frances S. Herskovits. Whittlesey. \$3.
 America's Capacity to Consume, by Maurice Leven, Harold G. Moulton and Clark Warburton. Brookings Institution. \$3.
 Technics and Civilization, by Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace. \$4.50.
 America's Capacity to Produce, by Edwin G. Nourse and Associates. Brookings Institution. \$3.50.
 The Burning of the Reichstag, by Douglas Reed. Covici, Friede. \$3.
 Metropolis, by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen. Harpers. \$3.
 Our Master's Voice: Advertising, by James Rorty. Day. \$3.
 The Quest for Security, by I. M. Rubinow. Holt. \$3.50.
 Freedom versus Organization, by Bertrand Russell. Norton. \$3.50.
 China's Red Army Marches, by Agnes Smedley. Vanguard. \$2.50.
 The Pageant of Cuba, by Hudson Strode. Smith and Haas. \$3.
 Human Exploitation, by Norman Thomas. Stokes. \$2.75.

Books written by members of The New Republic staff ("So Red the Rose," "The Coming American Revolution," "Exile's Return," "Cinnamon Seed") are not included here. Anthologies and new editions are also omitted from this list—which, incidentally, is not offered as a definitive choice of "the hundred best."—THE EDITORS.

Good Books for Children

FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN

- Hansi, by Ludwig Bemelmans. Illustrated by the author. Viking, \$2. (Christmas in the Austrian Tyrol. A true-to-life story about a small boy.)
 Crazy Quilt: The Story of a Piebald Pony, by Paul Brown. Scribner's, \$2. (For lovers of horses.)
 Down, Down, the Mountain, by Ellis Credle. Nelson, \$2. (A picture story book about the Blue Ridge.)
 Blue Bonnets for Lucinda, by Frances Clarke Sayers. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. Viking, \$1. (A well written story about a little girl in Texas.)

EIGHT TO TWELVE YEARS

- The Good Friends, by Margery Bianco. With lithographs by Grace Paull. Viking, \$1.75. (About animals, humorous, imaginative.)
 Away Goes Sally, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. Macmillan, \$2. (From Massachusetts to Maine in 1800.)
 Poems for Youth, by Emily Dickinson. Edited by Alfred Leete Hampson; illustrations by George and Doris Hauman. Little, Brown, \$2.
 Wide Road Ahead! The Building of an Automobile, by Henry B. Lent. Illustrated by Earle Winslow. Macmillan, \$2.
 The Story of Skyscrapers, by Alfred Morgan. Farrar and Rinehart, \$2. (Photographs explained by text.)
 Winter Holiday, by Arthur Ransome. Illustrated by Hélène Carter. Lippincott, \$2. (The children of "Swallows" and "Amazons" in the English Lake country.)
 Animals in the Sun, by W. W. Robinson. Illustrations by Irene Robinson. Harpers, \$2. (About crocodiles, lizards, turtles and snakes.)
 A Day on Skates: The Story of a Dutch Picnic, by Hilda Van Stockum. Harpers, \$2.50.

FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS

- When the Stars Come Out, by Robert H. Baker. Viking, \$2.50. (A book of many facts and striking pictures.)
 Branches Green, by Rachel Field. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. Macmillan, \$1.50. (A discriminating selection from Miss Field's poems.)
 A Norwegian Family, by Marie Hamsun. Illustrated by Elsa Jemne. Lippincott, \$2. (The family of "The Norwegian Farm," now growing up.)
 Bridges, by Henry H. Bormann. Macmillan, \$2. (Splendid photographs, with text.)
 Trains, by R. S. Henry. Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50. (About railroads, for readers of almost all ages.)
 The Conquest of Mexico, by William H. Prescott. Illustrated by Keith Henderson. Literary Guild, \$3. (With beautiful illustrations from Aztec designs.)
 Davy Crockett, by Constance Rourke. Illustrated by James MacDonald. Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50. (An outstanding book of the year.)
 The Pageant of Chinese History, by Elizabeth Seeger. Illustrated by Bernard Watkins. Longmans, Green, \$3. (The best book on China for children.)
 King Richard's Land: A Tale of the Peasants' Revolt, by L. A. G. Strong. Illustrated by Zhenya Gay. Knopf, \$2.
 ANNE CARROLL MOORE.

Marcel Proust's Unfinished Symphony

WITHOUT going deeply into the question of the place that Marcel Proust will hold in European literature, there are a few marginal notes, three or four obvious and necessary remarks, to be made on and about the complete edition of "Remembrance of Things Past."¹

First of all, it is a considerable achievement merely to have published the text of this enormous novel in four volumes easy to read and not too costly for the average reader to own. The binding of light-buff buckram with broad gold stripes is as handsome as one could wish. The paper is fairly good in the last two volumes, which are shorter than the others; but in the first volume (of 1,336 pages) and the second (of 1,196) it is thin, shiny and weighs too much for the reader's comfort. The printing throughout is unsatisfactory. It would seem that the publishers, in order to reduce the huge expense by which they were faced, have used the electroplates made some years ago for the first edition, and these have blurred more rapidly than has the author's reputation. There is an introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch that does not purport to say the last word on Proust. It is modestly conceived as a guide for the reader and serves this purpose well. Another sort of guide would also be desirable in future editions: I mean an index to characters like the one that is printed in every volume of Jules Romains' "Men of Good Will." When you want to reread a favorite passage, as I often did in preparing this review, it is tedious to search for it through 4,300 pages.

The translation, on the whole, is the best we have for any modern classic. This does not mean the work of C. K. Scott Moncrieff was "impeccable," to use the word applied to it by dozens of critics. Especially in the first volume, there are plenty of faults and downright errors, as anyone can see by comparing Moncrieff's work with the original. Thus, on page 243 of the first book, "Swann's Way," he makes Mme. Verdurin exclaim, between quotation marks, that "Dr. Cottard, who was just then starting in general practice, would 'really have to come one day and set her jaw, which she had dislocated with laughing too much.'" There are no quotation marks in the original. What Proust says bluntly, in so many words, is that Mme. Verdurin dislocated her jaw and Dr. Cottard had to reset it. The references later made to this accident are impossible to understand in Moncrieff's version. Again, at the end of the same long chapter, there is a very small mistake that has always irritated me because it partly spoils one of the best sentences Proust ever wrote. It is Swann's epitaph on his love affair: "To think that I have wasted years of my life, that I have longed for death, that the greatest love I have ever known has been for a woman who did not please me, who was not my type!" Instead of "not my type," Moncrieff wrote "not in my style," which is awkward and un-English. But there is no use listing these places where he nodded. The truth is that his work improved from volume to volume (while Proust's own style was deteriorating) and that by the end it was hard to equal. The best of it was that Moncrieff regarded himself, not as a publisher's hack, but as an artist who had chosen the task of

recreating a great novel in English. When the novelist made obvious mistakes, Moncrieff did not hesitate to correct them. It is a calamity that he died before translating the last volume; the English of it would have been better than the French.

The present text of "The Past Recaptured" is another question and one that ought to receive fairer treatment than Alexander Woollcott gave it in a recent issue of *The New Yorker*. After Moncrieff's death, this last book was translated for the English publisher by a gentleman whose name I was glad to forget; his work was a little better than that of a bright college sophomore and not quite so good as that of a bright junior. Albert Boni, who held the American rights, wisely refused to publish his translation in this country and looked around for someone to do a better job. Nobody volunteered. Some of the experienced translators approached by Boni were too busy, others had too many financial obligations to embark on a long and poorly paid undertaking, but I suspect that most of them were frightened. They knew that the critics, rightly or wrongly, would compare their work with Moncrieff's and insist that it fell short of the great model. Finally Dr. Frederick A. Blossom rushed in where others feared to tread. The least to be said for his translation is that it was done bravely and far more ably than the one published in England. He didn't claim to be an artist, but he went about his work conscientiously, word by word and sentence by sentence, as if he were translating a state document. Mr. Woollcott buries him under a grave-mound of disdainful adjectives. But Mr. Woollcott, being so eager to have the job well done, should have undertaken it himself or come forward with a better translator.

Another fact which bears on Dr. Blossom's translation, and on much else besides, is that "Remembrance of Things Past" is an unfinished novel. At the time of his death, Proust had not corrected all the proofs of "The Captive," which is the fifth of the seven books into which the larger work is divided. The two remaining books were prepared (and not intelligently prepared) for the printer long after his death. Proust left behind him only a rough first-draft of "The Sweet Cheat Gone" and "The Past Recaptured"; and both books contain passages that I suspect of being mere entries in his notebook. They are full of obvious inconsistencies. Thus, we are told that the former Gilberte Swann will become Duchesse de Guermantes—but she has to inherit the title through her husband, who dies in the War while the Duc de Guermantes and his wife are still alive. We are told that Gilberte lived in practical retirement and we are also told that she conducted a brilliant salon. On one page she is endowed with a whole flock of children; on another she is reduced to a single daughter. Her husband, Saint-Loup, becomes a still more protean and impossible person. It is evident that Proust hadn't decided exactly what to do with the people he was writing about, and was setting down episodes and anecdotes much as one would scatter pieces of furniture in a new apartment, to see how they look. But his style, in these uncompleted books, is worse than his handling of character; it is hasty, awkward and above all repetitious. Dr. Blossom might have translated him perfectly and still have been "inferior" to Moncrieff; he was working with an inferior text.

¹ Remembrance of Things Past, by Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff and Frederick A. Blossom. New York: Random House. 4 vols., boxed. \$12.50.

As for the novel as a whole, irrespective of the transla-

tion, the faults of it rather than the virtues are emphasized on a second reading. This time you cannot forget that "Remembrance of Things Past" was written by a sick man, and one whose sickness ended by coloring and distorting his whole picture of the world. Yet there is one passage that I liked even more than when I read it first in 1921, lying awake all night in a whitewashed hotel bedroom in the French Pyrenees. It is the second section of "Swann's Way," the one that describes Swann's love for Odette and how it ended. Proust calls it a chapter, but it is as long as an ordinary novel and forms a story complete in itself. If everything else he wrote were destroyed and only these eighty thousand words remained, he would still be among the great novelists.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Pause in the City

Metropolis: An American City in Photographs, Assembled by Agnes Rogers, with Running Comment by Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper and Brothers. 430 pages. \$3.

This Is New York, edited by Gilbert Seldes. New York: David Kemp. \$1.

THERE must be as many different New Yorks as there are folks living in the city, and as there are people in the world outside who come here to work or to visit—and more, for all those who have never been even once in New York at least have a image of it in their minds: they are either crazy to come here at once, or they wouldn't have the place if you handed it to them. There is no one New York. Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street—one sees a picture of a table in the Brevoort, another sees that it is still one long block before he will hit Sixth Avenue and the hamburger stand, while still another sees nothing but a lot of stone and feels inside him a sort of empty twisting. The stone may be interesting, but it is not to eat. Besides something that one sees, New York is also how one feels living with an awful lot of people. New York is the shuttle under Forty-second Street, and the Municipal Baths in Coney Island, mobbed on a hot Sunday, and the pushcarts selling \$1.35 shoes, and the afternoon traffic, and the theaters emptying out at night, and Union Square roaring out a protest, and Klein's, and the feeling of something somewhere always dully shaking.

New York is also something you have to know for a long time, because if you are for the first time here, all you see is the black and noisy "L," the sign "Shaftway" interminably repeated, the very dirty streets, more foreign faces than you see out West, and when people bump you you notice they don't turn around and look. You don't know that the Times Square drug store, the stone lions before the Library, make New Yorkers always think of waiting; that those who go visiting to Brooklyn dread the sight of the Canal Street Station because they always get lost in its maze; that once during the War the police roped off all of Madison Square, and everyone caught who didn't have a draft card was dragged to an armory, where he was kept for days, while frantic relatives thought he was lying somewhere wounded, senseless, dead: now when one turns the corner of Fifth Avenue into Madison Square and looks up at the clock, he also has the feeling of being hounded, wanted.

It is this feeling of a New York that once was changing and that does not change now, made up of people living in it and part of these people's lives, that Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen have tried to recreate in their book

of photographs, "Metropolis." They have succeeded beautifully. Their photographer, Edward M. Weyer, stops and clicks the sleeping, early morning, shadowy New York, pauses through the awakening, the breakfast, the rush to the factory, the office, through the active day—punctuating always, ghastly through the book, with the terrible figures of the homeless, used up and not wanted any more by those who run society—with children in the parks and children in the gutters and children bathing in the filthy waters of East River right under the shiny modern-metale walls of the very rich and the very smart, and right across from the monotonous, dreary, hopeless cells of Welfare Island; through the jungle of the city's nerves: the to-the-moon number of miles of wires, conduits, pipes; through traffic, to the discouraged stop before signs on Sixth Avenue offering work, to the harbor; back in the city, homing now over bridges, on ferries, in subways, on foot, to the suburbs, the apartments, the airless almost windowless cold-water flats, to the no home but another hallway, or the dark entrance of a shuttered pawnshop; to rest, to eat, to have a good time, and then to a darkening and forgetting bed to pass into the night—or still on the street to stand, unalive to sit, to lie down, junk with still beating arteries, on pavement.

For contrasts photography is so much the better medium. Reading of existence on Rivington Street, and again of life lived on Park Avenue, looking at the hieroglyphic words, one soon suspects the very adjectives are loaded. One calls them "sordid," or "lush," or again "swank." Language is a very good weapon for class war, and one takes sides; and one will not communicate alienating words to the brain, not change them into moving, stirring images. One disregards them. But one can't dismiss a photograph. There is the garbage can. And there is the man eating from the garbage can. And there is Mrs. Roberts in a dressmaker's shop. She has a model parading before her, and she has a saleswoman anxiously watching her, and in the back room there is the designer, and there is a sewer, and above the sewer there is a superintendent: and all are dependent on Mrs. Roberts' decision. (The note underneath says Mrs. Roberts did not buy that gown.) And right next to Mrs. Roberts' picture is that of a dark girl (much prettier than Mrs. Roberts) buying stockings at 15 cents a pair. The opposites are endless. And they make the single plates significant, part of the flowing turbulence that is New York.

The other book "This Is New York," is not New York at all. It is an unrelated number of photographs—publicity pictures of the large department stores, montage pictures of bridges, the ways of the fascinating, picturesque foreigners. Mr. Seldes' titles read "Commerce Defeated," "New Yorkers Are Not So Different After All from Other Human Beings," "Luxury and Languor," "Here Charles Dickens Was Offended by the Sight of Strolling Swine." Having finished the book, one remembers some sheep grazing on the Central Park meadow, a superimposed Chrysler Building over an enlargement of the Chrysler tower, and of the real city, nothing. To catch the movement, the life, the excitement of New York, it is not enough to collect photographs of buildings and exotic scenes, and say "This Is New York." One must have the feeling, as the authors of "Metropolis" have, that beyond the good architecture and beyond the outlandish ways of the not-white, not-American, there is a town, made up of a lot of different people, all as natural to it at least as the dwellers on Park Avenue, all riding in the subways, losing babies in Coney Island, watching excavations, hungry and sated, holding on or demanding, being pushed and pushing: and all together making up that grand sight of sights: New York City.

NATHAN ASCH.

The Wizard of Chitenango

I HAVE been for several weeks bogged in Oz books. It had seemed to me, at first, a simple matter to go back to the two I read as a boy of ten, "The Wizard of Oz" and "The Land of Oz" (the first two published), and write down what Oz revisited was like to me now that my life, at forty, has begun again. I was amazed and disturbed to discover that there are now twenty-eight different books about Oz (the latest one, 1934, is "Speedy in Oz").¹ Since the first was published nearly thirty-five years ago about three million copies of Oz books have been sold; sales of the various books, taken together, run to almost a hundred thousand copies a year. The thing is obviously a major phenomenon in the wonderful land of books. I began my research, therefore, not by rereading the two Oz books I loved as a child (and still do, I was happy to find out later) but with an inquiry into the life and nature of the man who wrote the first fourteen of the series, Mr. L. Frank Baum.

Lyman Frank Baum was born in Chitenango, New York, in 1856. When he was about ten he became enamoured of (if also a little horrified and disgusted by) the tales of the Grimm brothers and of Andersen and he determined that when he grew up he would write fairy tales with a difference. There would be, in the first place, "no love and marriage in them" (I quote the present publishers of his books, Reilly and Lee, of Chicago); furthermore, he wanted to get away from the "European background" and write tales about fairies in America (he chose Kansas as the jumping off place for the Oz books, although he was educated in Syracuse, lived most of his life in Chicago, and spent his last years in Hollywood where he died in 1919, aged 63). There was also another significant change that he wanted to make in the old fairy tales. Let me quote from his own foreword to the first Oz book, "The Wizard": "... the time has now come for a series of newer 'wonder tales' in which the stereotyped genie, dwarf and fairy are eliminated, together with all the horrible and blood-curdling incident devised by their authors to point a fearsome moral. . . . 'The Wizard of Oz' aspires to be a modernized fairy tale in which the wonderment and joy are retained, and the heartaches and nightmares left out." I am glad that, in spite of this high determination, Mr. Baum failed to keep them out. Children love a lot of nightmare and at least a little heartache in their books. And they get them in the Oz books. I know that I went through excruciatingly lovely nightmares and heartaches when the Scarecrow lost his straw, when the Tin Woodman was taken apart, when the Saw-Horse broke his wooden leg (it hurt for me even if it didn't for Mr. Baum).

But let me return for a moment to the story of his writings. In his late twenties he wrote two plays, "The Maid of Arran" and "The Queen of Killarney." Under the name of Schuyler Stanton he also wrote three novels (I could not learn their titles). In all, he wrote about fifty books, most of them for children. He was forty-three in 1899 when he did "The Wizard of Oz," which to him was just another (the twentieth or so) book for children. It

sold better than anything he had ever written. The next year he wrote a thing called "Dot and Tot in Merryland." But his readers wanted more about Oz. He began to get letters from them by the thousands and he was not exactly pleased that Oz was the land they loved the best. He ignored the popular demand for four years, meanwhile writing a book called "Baum's American Fairy Tales," subtitled "Stories of Astonishing Adventures of American Boys and Girls with the Fairies of Their Native Land." He must have been hurt by its cold reception. Here he was, nearing fifty, trying to be what he had always fondly wanted to be, an American Andersen, an American Grimm, and all the while American children—and their parents—would have none of it, but screamed for more about Oz. His American fairy tales, I am sorry to tell you, are not good fairy tales. The scene of the first one is the attic of a house "on Prairie Avenue, in Chicago." It never leaves there for any wondrous, faraway realm. Baum apparently never thoroughly understood that fatal flaw in his essential ambition, but he understood it a little. He did another collection of unconnected stories but this time he placed them, not in Illinois but in Mo. "The Magical Monarch of Mo" is not much better than the American tales; but at least one story in it, "The Strange Adventures of the King's Head," is a fine, fantastic fairy tale. The others are just so-so. On went L. Frank Baum, grimly, into the short tales making up "The Enchanted Island of Yew"; but the girls and boys were not interested. Finally, after four years and ten thousand letters from youngsters, he wrote "The Land of Oz." He was back where they wanted him.

I haven't space to go into even half of the Oz books, nor do I want to. The first two, "The Wizard" and "The Land" are far and away the best. Baum wrote "The Wizard," I am told, simply as a tour de force to see if he could animate, and make real, creatures never alive before on sea or land. He succeeded, eminently, with the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman and he went on to succeed again in the second book with Jack Pumpkinhead, the Saw-Horse and the Woggle Bug. After that I do not think he was ever really successful. Admittedly he didn't want to keep doing Oz books (he wanted to get back to those American Tales). In the next six years he wrote only two and at the end of the second of these he put a tired, awkward note explaining that Oz was somehow forever cut off from communication with this world. What a heartache and a nightmare that announcement was to the children of America! But of course they didn't fall for his clumsy device: they knew he was a great wizard and could get back to Oz if he wanted to and they made him get back. From 1910 until 1919 he resignedly wrote an Oz book every year and was working on one when he died. This one was finished by Grace Plumly Thompson, a young Philadelphia woman who as a child had adored the Oz books. She has written, up to now, thirteen Oz books. But she has taken them up where Mr. Baum left off, not where he began; she has never found her way into the real Oz.

I think the fatal trouble with the later books (for us aging examiners, anyway) is that they became whimsical rather than fantastic. They ramble and they preach (one is dedicated to a society in California called "The Uplifters"), they lack the quick movement, the fresh suspense, the amusing dialogue and the really funny invention of the first ones. They dawdle along like a class prophecy. None of their creatures comes to life for me. I am merely bored by the Growleywogs, the Whimsies, the Cutenclips, the

¹ "The Wizard of Oz," "Baum's American Fairy Tales," "The Magical Monarch of Mo," and some of the other extra-Oz books are published in Indianapolis by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, at \$1.25 each. The remaining fourteen Baum titles in the Oz series, from "The Land of Oz" to "The Royal Book of Oz"—as well as those written by Ruth Plumly Thompson—are published by the Reilly and Lee Company of Chicago, at \$1.25 each.

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Patchwork Girl, Button-Bright, the Googly-Goo, and I am actually gagged by one Unc Nunkie. Mr. Baum himself said that he kept putting in things that children wrote and asked him to put in. He brought back the Wizard of Oz because the children pleaded and he rewrote the Scarecrow and the Woodman almost to death because the children wanted them. The children should have been told to hush up and go back to the real Wizard and the real Scarecrow and the real Woodman. They are only in the first two books.

Too much cannot be said for the drawings of Mr. John R. Neill. He began with "The Land of Oz" and his pictures were far superior to those of Mr. W. W. Denslow who illustrated "The Wizard." After doing more than three thousand drawings (he's still at it), he keeps up beautifully.

JAMES THURBER.

While the Young Men Died

War Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Vols. III and IV. 603 and 605 pages. \$4 each.

IN THE two latest volumes of his memoirs, Mr. David Lloyd George continues his prolix but historically valuable story of the wars behind the World War and between the various departments of His Majesty's Government. One rises from these volumes without completely sharing the admiration for Mr. Lloyd George that the author so ardently feels, and without being entirely convinced either that he was always right or that practically everybody else—including Mr. Asquith, Sir Douglas Haig, Sir William

Robertson and Admiral Jellicoe—was always and inevitably entirely wrong. Nevertheless, the new volumes do reveal a series of shocking blunders in the Allied conduct of the War, and a number of important services to the Allied cause by the Prime Minister.

Mr. Lloyd George tells his story in such detail that not many readers will have patience to struggle through his latest thousand-odd pages. Those of sufficiently heroic mold will find their reward, however, in the brilliant bits scattered through the book, the first-hand documentary material with which Mr. Lloyd George buttresses his narrative, the inside story of world-shaking events, and the passages of pure malice, delightful to everyone except the victim. It is not a book that will hold anybody spellbound for very long at a time; but it is not a book that anyone seriously concerned with war, history, or politics can afford to neglect, though as a partisan document it tells only one side of a complex story.

The third volume carries the reader through the "peace offensive" of 1916, the worst days of the submarine peril, the bloody and fruitless Nivelle offensive, the Russian Revolution and the American declaration of war. The fourth volume, which has just appeared, discusses the establishment of the Imperial War Cabinet, labor problems in wartime, the Austrian peace negotiations through Prince Sixte de Bourbon, and the struggle with the military leaders which after the disasters of Passchendaele and Caporetto finally led to the establishment of a united Allied front. It is particularly interesting to note how clearly British political discussions during the War foreshadowed such problems of the post-war era as disarmament, territorial readjustment, German rearmament, imperial preference and dominion status for India.

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Making due allowance for the fact that this is a fallen political leader's defense of his policy and also for the malicious sharpness of the author's penpoint, revealed from the first page of the first volume of the Memoirs, it is impossible not to agree with Mr. Lloyd George as to the incredible blindness and stupidity of the British Admiralty and the British army's high command. When the submarine sinkings had reached a point so high that Admiral Jellicoe admitted Britain might be forced out of the War, the Admiralty were so sure it was impossible to convoy merchant shipping that they refused to experiment, preferring to let the sinkings go on rather than admit their error. Political leaders forced the convoy system on them and saved England. "The Admirals," says Mr. Lloyd George, "were in despair over the refusal of events to follow the lead of professional knowledge," for "there is no wrath like the cold fury of the professional proved wrong by outsiders."

The high command ashore was not much better. Passchendaele was a horrible example of "impossible orders issued by generals who had no idea what the execution of their commands actually meant." Mr. Lloyd George insists that none of the higher staff officers ever examined the ground over which their men were to fight, while some of the reports on which Haig depended "came from men that had never seen the battlefield." Numerical estimates by British Intelligence were "not mathematical but temperamental." When the Tank Corps, knowing the reliance placed on their machines, sent in maps showing that the Passchendaele area would be transformed by bombardment into a sea of mud and water over which tanks could not operate, they were curtly told to "send no more of these ridiculous maps." The French leaders, Pétain and Foch, were skeptical, and "all the generals called into consultation by Sir Douglas Haig had serious misgivings about the whole project." But all this was carefully kept from the political leaders because "French and British generals had a professional loyalty to each other which prevented them from giving any information to the politicians of either country which the soldiers of that country were anxious to keep from their ears."

To the natural query why he did not replace Haig if he was capable of such conduct, Mr. Lloyd George has two replies: First, that he feared the effect on the British public and the Allies. Second, that in all the armies of Great Britain and the Dominions there was no one likely to do better, except one obscure general, a former civilian of whom he did not hear until it was too late. "It is one of the bitter ironies of war," he concludes, "that I, who have been ruthlessly assailed in books, in the Press and in speeches for 'interfering with the soldiers' should carry with me as my most painful regret the memory that on this issue I did not justify that charge."

One of the most amazing things in the book is the amount of bad faith it reveals in high quarters. Both army and navy tried to deceive the government, the navy cooking statistics as badly as the army, while the army hid able-bodied German prisoners to convince the Prime Minister that German man-power was failing. Haig, who thoroughly distrusted Sir Henry Wilson, gushingly professed his trust in him. The Austrians went behind the backs of their German allies with peace offers, which the French and British tried to keep from the Italians, only to find that the Italians were doing about the same thing to them.

The book is a splendid treatise on the unwisdom with which the world is governed.

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GEORGE SOULE, in *The New Republic*

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Antarctic Holiday

South of the Sun, by Russell Owen. New York: The John Day Company. 288 pages. \$2.50.

THE PRINCIPAL impression one derives from this book, which chronicles the author's experiences as press correspondent with the first Byrd Antarctic Expedition, is of the unwieldiness of the venture as a whole. Much of this unwieldiness was, of course, unavoidable. Only during the midsummer months (January and February) could they get in through the pack ice to their base camp on the great ice barrier; once in, they could get out only at the same period of the year. The best months for flying were November and December.

The net result, though, was that forty-two men, after traveling half around the globe in two supply ships loaded with everything from Kellogg's Corn Flakes to Paris Garters, spent ten months in practical idleness, and two in assisting at a series of exploratory flights—the most important of which was, of course, the flight to the South Pole. No matter how much you value the accomplishment, it would hardly seem to weigh with the effort expended.

Mr. Owen's account is a simple and, it would seem, fairly honest description of what life, under such conditions, settles down to. They had parties (aided by some fifty gallons of alcohol brought along for "photographic purposes"), they had fights and feuds, they played some appalling practical jokes on each other, they had their moments of quiet comradeship too. Mixed in with all this are some excellent bits of Antarctic scenic description, a number of philosophic passages of varying interest, notations of camp routine, and what not. All in all, it is a thoroughly readable book—but it is in the perhaps not quite intended light of a study of men at the cold dead center of inaction, and of their reactions to that condition, that I liked it best.

ROBERT M. COATES.

Warpath

Death on the Prairie, by Paul I. Wellman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 310 pages. \$3.

AMERICANS are likely to underestimate their history, because it all happened so rapidly. Between 1860 and 1890, the years chronicled by Paul I. Wellman in this book, the stone age disappeared from the Western plains in the epic struggle of red men and white. The difference between these two races when they met was only symbolized by the type of their weapons: there was an interval of centuries in their respective viewpoints. The basic hungers to which the Indians gave expression in the buffalo hunt and the warpath took the form, among white pioneers, of the hunt for land and for gold. In the face of the inevitable white advance, Indians fought for the land of their birth in the manner of feudal knights, or even of the heroes of Homer. They could not live by the tenets of this new, incomprehensible advanced civilization; they could only die by it. And with the final establishment of white supremacy there took place an evolution that had required long centuries in Europe.

Mr. Wellman, who comes of frontier stock, is exceptionally well equipped for an understanding and impartial treatment of these phenomena. The Indians of the period he discusses are not to be confused with those of Colonial days, when there was less feeling of race, and more of

national or tribal distinction. The dynastic squabbles of Europe complicated the system beyond any such simple battlefield as a color line. But in the days covered by "Death on the Prairie" all Indians looked red and alike to the immigrants, who had come fortified with tales of savage cruelty and stealth. Often they killed friendly Indians, and Indians soon turned to killing whites in reprisal. One very exceptional instance is to be found in the retreat of Chief Joseph, to whom the frontiersmen, over the heads of the military, had sold food and cartridges on the ground that his Nez Percés had always been good Indians, and there was no reason to fight them. But in general the circle of revenge and counter-revenge widened until a whole racial hostility had developed, and culminated in such disasters as the massacre led by Colonel Chivington at Sandy Creek. From the Sioux War of 1862-63 down to the Ghost Dance of 1891, wars were continually being precipitated by the failure of the whites to observe treaties. Blood was shed, atrocities and acts of heroism occurred on both sides. The Indians developed in the brief space something like genius, both in military tactics and in organization, but they never learned to unite against their enemies. JOE GOULD.

What Happens to People

The Executioner Waits, by Josephine Herbst. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THIS IS the second book of a trilogy dealing with the disintegration of our society—with what happens to people caught in the web of contemporary events. "The Executioner Waits" is a better book than its predecessor, "Pity Is Not Enough." It continues the saga of the Trexler Wendel family, adding to it the history of another family, the Chances.

Why anyone should speak of the racy prose of such a book as dry, I cannot understand. Miss Herbst is laconic because of the lavishness of her material. She has so much to say she can waste no words. But I know of no writing where the exact cadence of daily speech has been more accurately registered—not only the speech, but the exact turn of people's thoughts. It is a rich and tender and terrible book, violent in its pity for those who, like Rosamund and Jerry, are frustrated by the inevitable forces of our society; and in it Miss Herbst comes into her full powers.

She has not only an underlying philosophy to get over, but also the clear and beautiful pattern of the two families. Her canvas is as wide as the land and depicts the lives of three generations. It tells a story of the crumbling of ambitions that, in a reasonable society, would have been fruitful; it shows the sterility in the lives of those who, if trained for anything but money-making, might have been rich in something beside their material possessions.

Jonathan Chance and Victoria Wendel are two gifted children under the influences of a totally different upbringing. The story of their emergence into an understanding of the world they live in is the thing: the emergence itself is barely indicated. John, coming of a rich family, is always thwarted by an almost incestuously jealous mother and a stupid father, who would rather see his boy "do some honest work like digging a ditch" than have him write a book. The failure of his family to uphold him injures him and makes him insecure. Victoria, on the other hand, is the daughter of Anne and Amos Wendel. There was no money to spare in the Wendel family, but Vicky was loved; and if she wasn't always understood, she was upheld.

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The book is packed with scenes, ironic, hilarious, heart-rending, each one an interpretation of a facet of American life—wartime America and pre-war America; the reaction on the community when the I.W.W. holds a convention there; Seattle during the general strike. Take the little chapter, "The Clock Goes Back," in which there is the whole story of a man's defeat. Take the story of Anne Wendel's death when she has to be permitted to go. And then there is a whole gallery of contemporary portraits—the Blums, the Vinitskis, the University set, Ed Caseman.

The piling up of these people and events, the clarification of Vicky's mind toward their meaning, is so sure and inevitable that "The Executioner Waits" becomes a tremendous experience in reading. And it should be read, for there no doubt of its being one of the most important documents of American social life that has yet appeared.

MARY HEATON VORSE.

Mahan to Date

Sea Power in the Modern World, by Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 323 pages. \$3.

SIR HERBERT RICHMOND, who has abandoned active life on the sea to become Harmsworth Professor of Naval History at Cambridge University, has written an interesting and valuable book. In a sense it represents an effort to bring Admiral Mahan down to date, without claiming as much for sea power as did the American navalist. While contending that it is necessary for the security of many nations, Sir Herbert is concerned over the development sea power has taken during the past quarter of a century. Challenging the doctrine of parity and of mathematical needs he says: "No absolute comparisons of power can be made. Japan is stronger than America for a war in Northern Asia, but weaker for a war in the Caribbean. England is stronger than America for a war in the Indian Ocean, but weaker for one on the coast of the Pacific. . . . Is there not reason to suspect that many of our present troubles arise from refusal to recognize these facts? Are not the parallel growths of the fleets of the United States and Japan the result in some measure, perhaps a marked measure, of each trying to make itself stronger than the other in an area in which one possesses all the advantages of position? Growth in the size of ships to dimensions far exceeding any which are demanded by tactical or technical needs is due to the same cause."

He points out that Germany sought security by building a fleet that would make every other power insecure, and that these powers naturally retaliated with bigger programs. The result of such programs is an endless competition,

terminating in intolerable financial burdens and growing political tension. The author believes that a navy should be limited to the two purposes of defending the mobility of armies that have to cross the sea to guard their country against invasion, and of defending commerce in areas where facilities for defense exist. American navalists will argue that the application of such doctrines will give Great Britain a navy larger than that of the United States. Nevertheless it should be evident that the United States cannot achieve real parity with any power without building a fleet capable of offering equal resistance to the largest navy in the most remote part of the world, and without acquiring naval stations in every corner of the globe. Since such a policy is manifestly impossible, the United States can best keep out of trouble without injuring its defenses by agreeing to the simultaneous abolition of battleships and to the maintenance of a fleet merely adequate to protect the zone between Hawaii, Alaska, Panama—as well as the Atlantic Coast—from attack.

R. L. BUELL.

About Women

Laughing Their Way: Women's Humor in America, by Martha Bensley Bruère and Mary Ritter Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 310 pages. \$4.

Distinguished Women Writers, by Virginia Moore. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 253 pages. \$3.

THE AUTHORS of "Laughing Their Way" believe women's humor has long been an unexplored land—that is, their conscious humor: men have always credited them with the unconscious kind. We are grateful to these Columboes for revealing a century of female wit, from the

laughing ladies of the eighteen-thirties to the propagandists and social satirists of a later day, the illustrations ranging from early hooked rugs to the irresistible sophistications of The New Yorker. A running commentary discusses the function of humor in civilization and emphasizes the changes in types and subjects for humorous treatment that mark succeeding generations, which are also brought out by the arrangement. Husbands, men in general, neighbors, small-town life, servants, social customs, antiquated ideas, pretentiousness and affectation are favorite topics; and now women are beginning to laugh at themselves, presumably a sign of individual and social maturity. Mary Petty, Helen Hokinson, Shermund, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Dorothy Parker, Grace Adams and Gertrude Stein are among those present.

"Distinguished Women Writers" is less restricted to one specific quality of feminine literature. Its sensitive evaluations of women have a moving quality. They combine psychograph and cameo; they distill essences; they have a clear, pure outline; they are done in little. Seventeen women are here, from Sappho to Elinor Wylie. Marie Bashkirtseff in her fierce race with death, Madame de Sévigné, a pleasant, witty person immortalized by her "almost demented" passion for her daughter, pathetic Dorothy Wordsworth, tragic Emily Brontë, the lyric saint, Teresa, the noble figure of Sappho "whose music persists" through twenty-five hundred years, are among those flashed before us briefly and unforgettably, in their essential selves as women and artists. A thread unites these disparate figures, countries and centuries apart, a feminine way of art, a destiny that makes women great in their own way, with their own special conflicts. We have here character, personalities, gifts in the finest sense.

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POSITION WANTED

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Romain Rolland

A World in Birth: concluding volume of The Soul Enchanted, by Romain Rolland. Translated by Amalia De Alberti. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.75.

A SYRACUSAN reading the "Republic" and "Laws" of Plato or Thucydides' history of the Peloponnesian War as fast as they appeared might have reflected with a smile that it was a bit early to be picking up the pieces of Greek civilization to save for posterity. Posterity does not share that view. These apocalyptic visions are vouchsafed only to exceptional men. They are sometimes mistaken? Fortunately. And, unfortunately, sometimes they are not.

Annette Rivière is the Aspasia of a Great Age without a Pericles. Through five volumes Rolland has unrolled the river of her life, the stream broadening and deepening as it nears the sea. Picture a free woman who has stood to her guns against pre-war falsehoods, against war hysteria and against post-war chaos, refusing to lie to herself or to others. The quality is infectious. Rules? There are none. Principles? Find your own and apply them. Sex is treated with devastating candor, and convention disdained without minimizing a single one of the perils so incurred: "Bourgeois complacency, these people have broken your rules, yet they are your superiors in courage, intellect and integrity."

Two main themes are sounded in this finale to Rolland's symphonic poem: the problem of violence and the clash between individualism and the masses raised by communism. In his orchestration, fascism and armament are brass and percussion.

The novel opens with a hectic marriage developing into a double adultery, both equally atrocious and as nearly accidental. Love and life-purpose draw the pair together again: "We are done with that nonsense; now to work!" Assia is an incarnation of Soviet Russia, Marc Rivière (Annette's son outside of wedlock) is a stormy but tough-brained individualist of the true French breed. Kremlin and Bastille, twentieth-century proletarian against an heir of eighteenth-century revolution, the pair are in conflict with capitalism, with each other, and Marc is in conflict with himself. Violence? "It is not murder that delivers, it is sacrifice." He falls by the knife of a Fascist assassin in Florence, and "Sylvio" (Lauro DeBosis), the boy he died to save, is shot down after his historic flight from Rome. The current of Annette's river keeps drawing in others: Julien, the academic intellectual, once her too-timid lover, now a seasoned fighter; Count Bruno Chiarenza, an Italian exile, Hellenist on pilgrimage to Indian mysticism; George, the hearty athletic girl of our modern type, and little Vania, Marc's son. Even Sylvie, Annette's hard-headed hoyden sister, takes a brief flier.

The figure of Annette rises to majestic proportions. She is a crushing rejoinder to cynical youth's abrogation of libertarian ideals and its dilettante flirtation with fascism. Cleon survives in the pages of Aristophanes and Thucydides as butt of an offal-vendor and "the most violent of the citizens." Do Duce and Führer crave a similar survival value? Literature can inflict deadly punishments.

Rolland's own excursions to the high plateaus of Asia are reflected in his use of intuitional thought, even for plot construction. Easy to overdo, it is never allowed to overstep its own realm, but this spiritual electricity keeps sparking from life to life as Rolland believes it does in daily existence; and pages of Annette's grief, old age and death are bathed in its overearthly radiance.

Reprints and New Editions

THERE have been many good reprints during the year, and perhaps the best of all was the Random House four-volume edition of "Remembrance of Things Past," reviewed elsewhere in this issue. J. U. Nicolson's modern-verse rendering of "The Canterbury Tales," with Rockwell Kent illustrations, has been reissued by Covici, Friede (\$3.75). The new "Shakespeare Head" Shakespeare (Oxford, \$3) is textually and typographically the best one-volume edition of the complete works.

Good Christmas presents are "The Scientific Romances of H. G. Wells" (Knopf, \$3.50); an edition of Lewis Carroll complete in one volume, "Logical Nonsense" (Putnam, \$5); Carl Van Doren's anthology of "Modern American Prose" (Harcourt, \$2.75); Somerset Maugham's collected short stories, "East and West" (Doubleday, Doran, \$3); and the one-volume edition of "Israfel," Hervey Allen's life of Poe (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3.50).

Two new reprint series have appeared during the year: the White Oak Library, pleasing in format and containing titles like Santayana's "Character and Opinion in the United States" (Norton, \$2 each); and the Alblabooks, many of them illustrated and including such works as Ambroise Vollard's "Renoir" (Knopf, \$2.50 each). Both these series are devoted to important non-fiction books of our time that have not had a wide popular success. Good new titles have also appeared in the new reprint series that are devoted to classics old and new: The Modern Library (\$.95 each), the Oxford World Classics (\$.80 each) and Everyman's Library (Dutton, \$.85 each).

Contributors

ROBERT CANTWELL is the author of two novels, "Laugh and Lie Down" and "The Land of Plenty." He is now working on a biography of E. A. Filene.

MARY VAN KLEECK is the Director of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation.

WALTER N. POLAKOV was engineering-management adviser for the Supreme Economic Council of the U.S.S.R. and also acted as a consulting engineer for the Tennessee Valley Authority.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is at present the acting editor of Poetry. He has written many essays and reviews on modern poetry.

T. S. MATTHEWS is the literary editor of Time magazine.

ANNE CARROLL MOORE, of the New York Public Library, is a widely known authority on children's books.

NATHAN ASCH, author of "The Office," "Love in Chartres" and "Pay Day," has just finished his fourth novel.

JAMES THURBER, an editor of The New Yorker, is the author of "My Life and Hard Times," "The Owl in the Attic" and "The Seal in the Bedroom."

JOHN BAKELESS is the author, among other books, of "The Economic Causes of Modern War" and "Origin of the Next War." He is now completing a life of Christopher Marlowe.

ROBERT M. COATES, author of "The Outlaw Years" and "Yesterday's Burdens," has been working on a novel about Arctic explorers.

JOE GOULD, anthropologist and critic, is working on a history of the modern world from oral sources.

MARY HEATON VORSE is the author of "Growing Up," "Men and Steel" and "Strike."

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL, research director of the Foreign Policy Association, is at work on a study of our Caribbean policy.

CLARA G. STILLMAN is the author of "Samuel Butler: A Mid-Victorian Modern."

LUCIEN PRICE is a Boston journalist, author and contributor to magazines.